Israel After the Latest Battle

November 16, 1967 35¢

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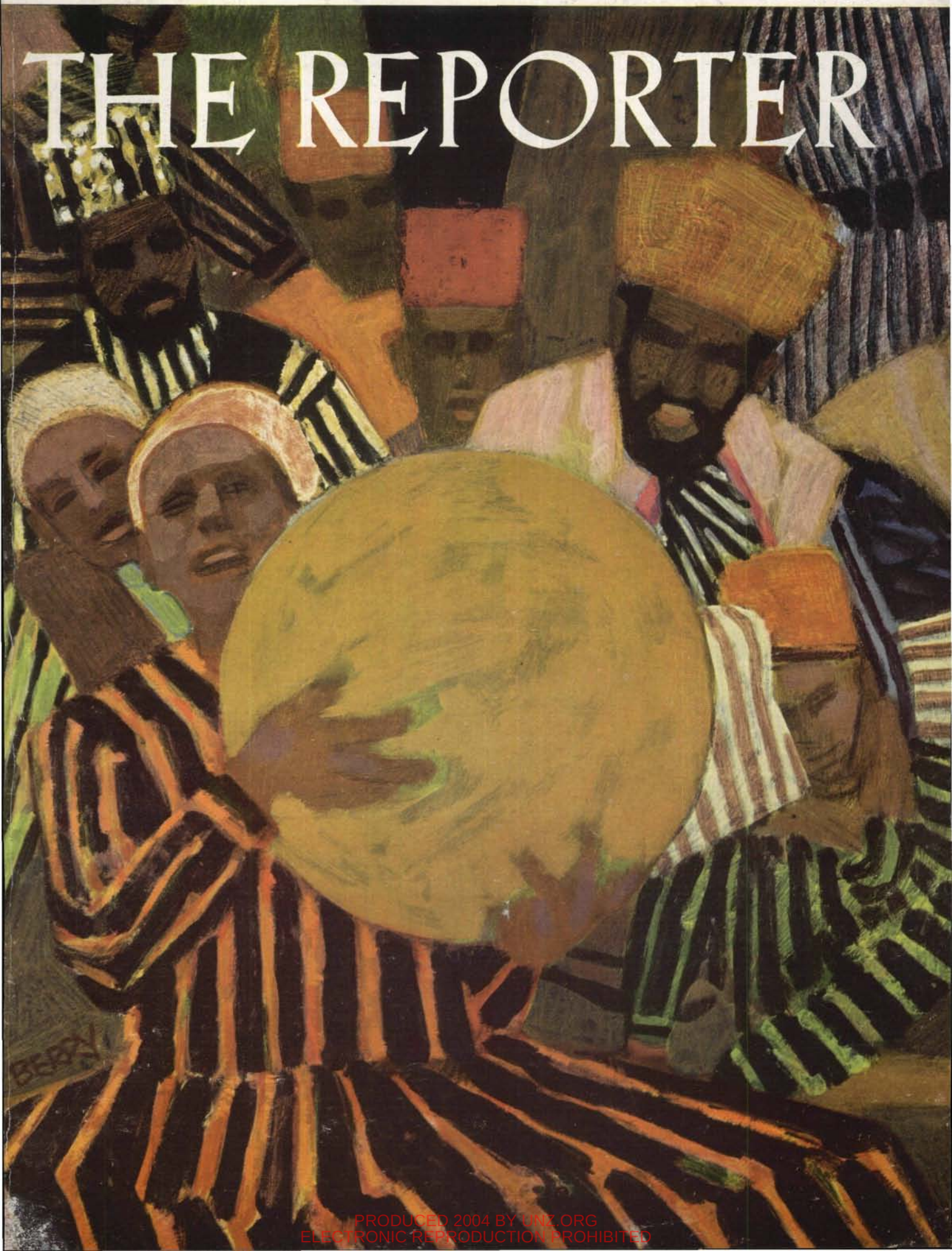

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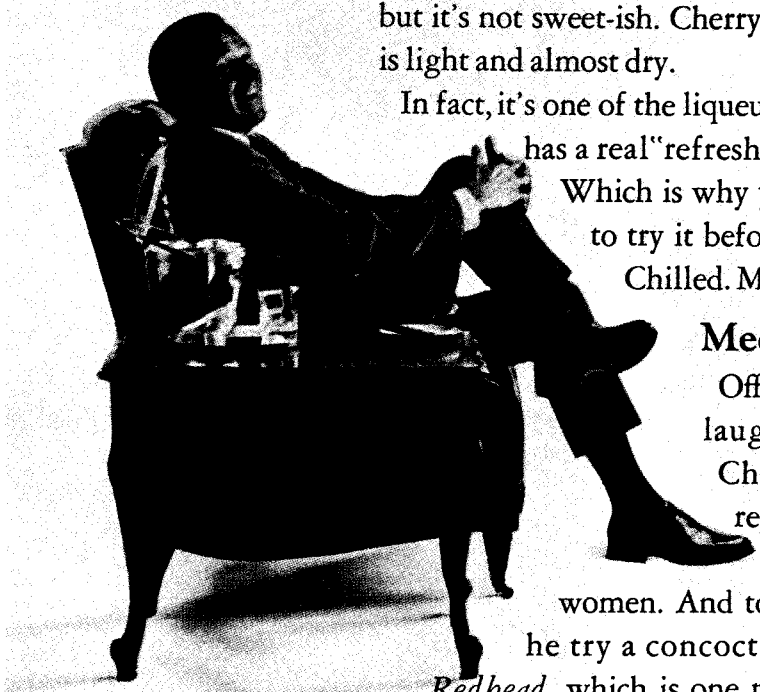
The most misunderstood drink in the world.



Just because Cherry Heering has the word "cherry" in it, some people think it's a too-sweet liqueur. Which it isn't.

Cherry Heering is different. It's sweet, but it's not sweet-ish. Cherry Heering is light and almost dry.

In fact, it's one of the liqueurs that has a real "refreshing" taste.

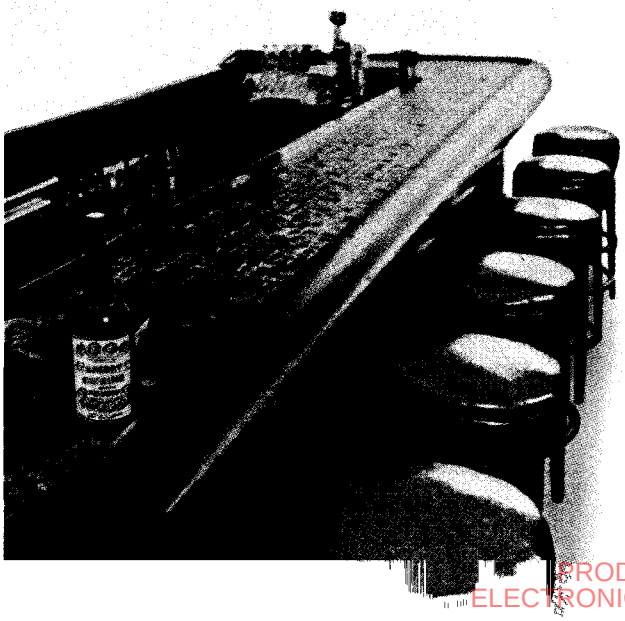
Which is why you might [illegible] to try it before dinner. Dur[illegible]ner.

Chilled. Mixed. On-the-rocks. Anywhere. Any way.

Meet misunderstanding #2

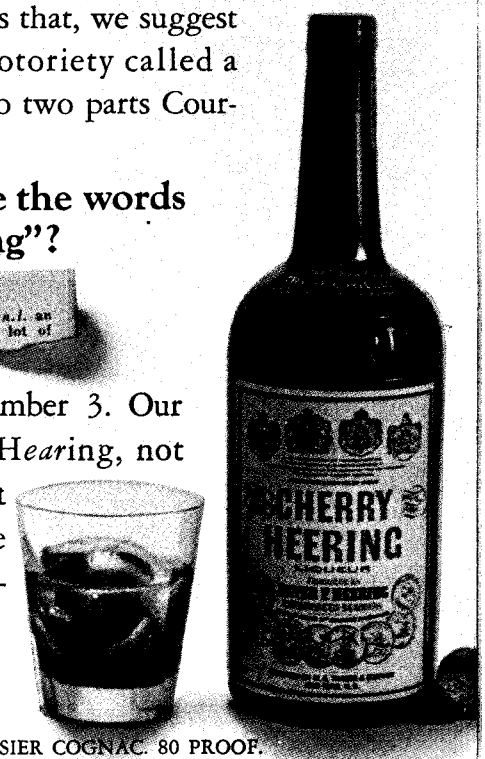
Offer Cherry Heering to some guys and they laugh. They figure: because women like Cherry Heering they won't. They don't realize that women like Cherry Heering because it's good. Not because they're women. And to any man who doubts that, we suggest he try a concoction that's gaining notoriety called a *Redhead,* which is one part Cherry Heering to two parts Courvoisier Cognac served on-the-rocks.

How do you pronounce the words "Cherry Heering"?



cher-ry heer-ing (chĕr/ĭ hĭr/ĭng), n.1. an after-dinner drink that's gaining a lot of popularity in the

That's misunderstanding number 3. Our name is pronounced Cherry H*ear*ing, not "herring." If we're not the most misunderstood drink in the world, we're surely the most mispronounced.



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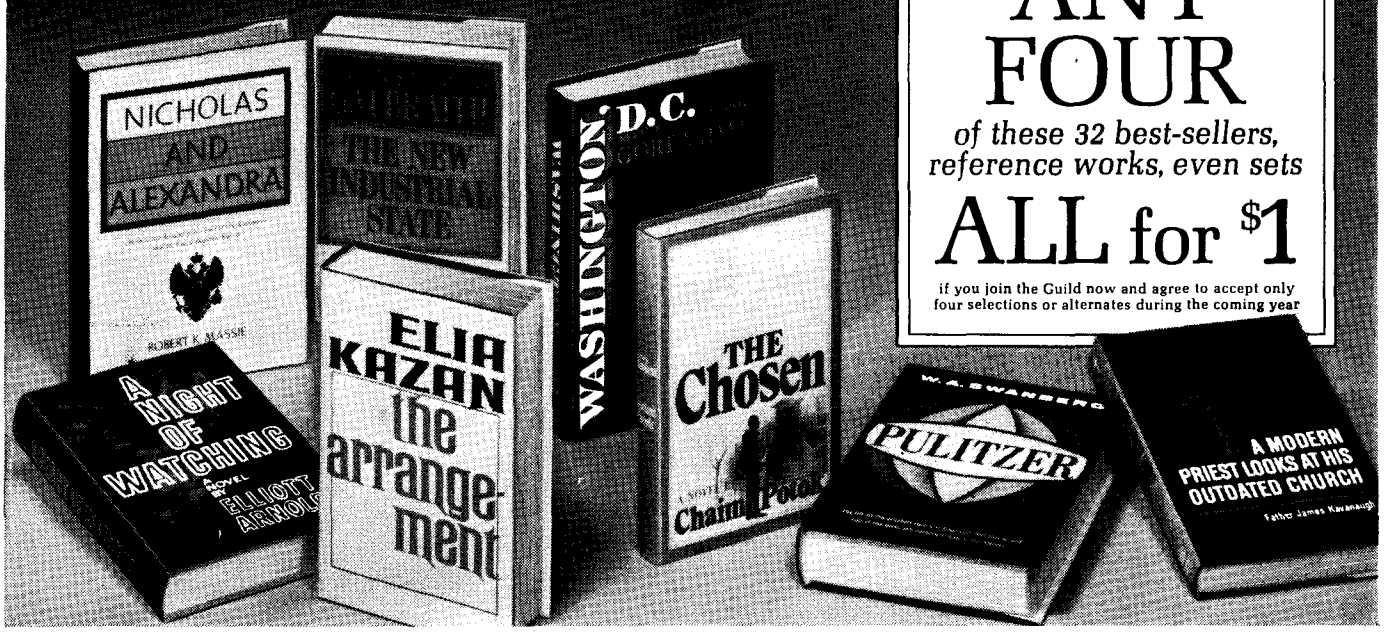

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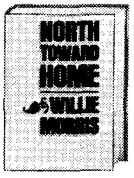

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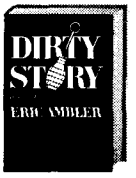

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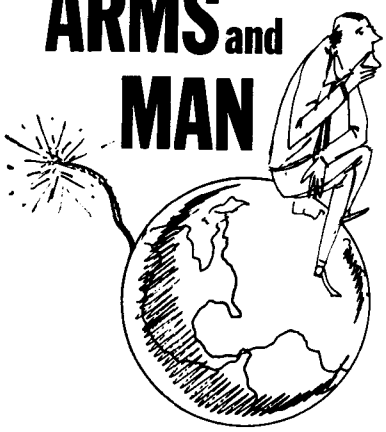

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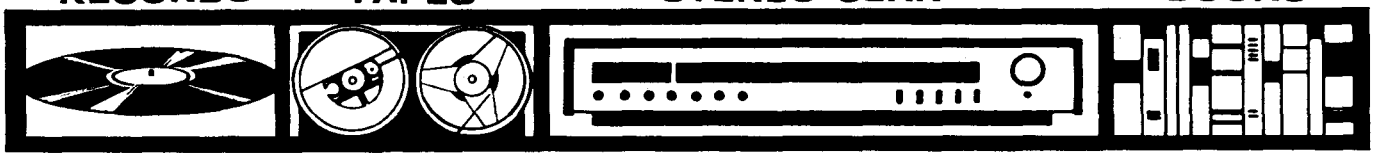

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

"WE ARE LISTENING to the victories of the army . . . we can't grasp the speed of the events—it is too rapid. So many place names at once. Jerusalem! Our group is shouting with joy. It seems like the joy is heard simultaneously throughout the land . . . strange, the throat chokes; you can't control yourself; tears in the eyes and a smile of blessedness on the lips." These words, written by an Israeli soldier-farmer, express well the euphoria into which Israelis were plunged during the Six Day War of June. But that "war" was misnamed. It was really only a battle—a brave and amazingly successful one against seemingly overwhelming odds—but still just one battle in a war that the Arab states have waged implacably against the little nation ever since it came into being.

Now that those hectic days of June are five months in the past, Israel and the world are settling down to the problems they left unsolved. The return from euphoria to reality is harsh. For, as **Herbert Weiner** writes, the central reality is that most of the problems that brought Israel to a condition of gloom before June still exist. Rabbi Weiner, spiritual leader of Temple Israel in South Orange, New Jersey, spent several months of this year traveling in Israel. He is the author of *The Wild Goats of Ein Gedi* (Doubleday). . . . **George Bailey,** who covered the June fighting for us, returned to the Middle East, where he found the Arabs still stunned, the Israelis determined to bring about a regional settlement, and both struggling within the web of the United Nations' sorry attempts to solve the Palestine refugee problem. . . . **Eli Ginzberg** reviews the shaky economic situation that faced Israel before June—and still faces it today. Mr. Ginzberg has visited Israel frequently and is Hepburn Professor of Economics at the Graduate School of Business of Columbia University.

PICKETING, demonstrations, and lawsuits have called attention to the exclusion of Negroes from well-paying jobs in the construction industry. Meanwhile, the hard work of preparing young Negroes to qualify for craft apprenticeships has been carried on quietly and, as free-lance writer **Thomas R. Brooks** shows, with notable success. . . . On its face, the Civil Rights Act of 1866 appears to guarantee open housing. Nineteenth-century judicial interpretations made it ineffective, however, and it fell into oblivion. Now the Supreme Court has a chance to change all that. **George R. Metcalf,** president of the National Committee Against Discrimination in Housing, explains how. . . . After fifty years of rigid socialist thinking, the Soviet leadership is trying to institute economic reforms, and it isn't an easy task. **Howard Rausch** is the correspondent for McGraw-Hill World News Service in Moscow.

TORMENTS of conscience, as **Noel Mostert** puts it only half ironically, arise in all forms of human relationships and in all places. Mr. Mostert, a free-lance journalist who has worked in North America, is himself a South African and now lives in North Africa. . . . The first real hit of the Broadway season is the new Tom Stoppard play, *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead,* of which each man playing his half of the title role has said, "We've had to live in each other's mind." **Gerald Weales,** the editor of *The Complete Plays of William Wycherley* (New York University and Anchor books) and the author of *American Drama Since World War II* (Harcourt, Brace & World) teaches at the University of Pennsylvania, and is a past winner of the George Jean Nathan Award for Dramatic Criticism. . . . **William Lee Miller,** a former *Reporter* staff member, lectures on ethics at the Yale Divinity School, serves as an alderman in New Haven, and is the author of *Piety Along the Potomac: Notes on Politics and Morals in the Fifties* and *The Fifteenth Ward and the Great Society,* both published by Houghton Mifflin. . . . **Edward Lueders,** a faculty member at the University of Utah, is the author of *Carl Van Vechten* (Twayne) and a co-editor of *Reflections on a Gift of Watermelon Pickle and Other Modern Verse* (Scott, Foresman). . . . **Joan Swift's** work has appeared in many literary and academic journals. A collection of her poetry, *This Element,* was published in the New Poetry Series sponsored by Alan Swallow. . . . The angels are *not* on the side of **Fernando Krahn.**

Our Middle East cover is by **Bill Berry.**

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CORRESPONDENCE

BALANCING VIETNAM

To the Editor: The timing of Hanson W. Baldwin's article "Vietnam Balance Sheet" (*The Reporter*, October 19) was uncanny. The new campaign of bombing to pinch off Haiphong, hit the airfields, and strike once-immune targets around Hanoi is overdue and one hopes that it will be part of a steadily increasing pressure. It is, to be sure, what our foremost military men have long been advocating. The war is ugly, but it cannot be brought to an end by tying the hands of the men best equipped to know what military victory requires—or by politically conceived restraints that place in jeopardy the lives of the brave men in the line.

DAVIS O. HARTIGAN
New York

To the Editor: Mr. Baldwin said nothing when he stated that "the war is not being lost." This is an empty boast to be made by the world's mightiest military establishment in measuring its success against a nation of peasants that is scarcely bigger than Alabama.

His statement that the war "is costing the enemy far more than it is costing the United States" is equally meaningless. The question to us is not who bears the greatest burden but whether the price we are paying is worth what we are getting. We have gained only a stalemate, but we have lost not only sons and brothers but the ability to build that Great Society which could be a far greater bulwark against Communism than the pile of dead we are raising in Vietnam.

JEROME MINTZ
San Francisco

To the Editor: Hanson Baldwin says we are not losing the war. He is an old Navy man and we know he speaks the old Pentagon line. Denis Warner, in the same issue ("Bearing the Brunt at Con Thien"), is a seasoned reporter. So when he says "Pacification has become meaningless," we are told we are indeed losing a main purpose of the war. Which author should one believe? I'll take Warner.

F. R. COOPER
Berkeley, California

RHODESIA

To the Editor: Ernest W. Lefever's book review "Rhodesia's Case" (*The Reporter*, October 19) is an excellent article, almost unique among press discussion of the stupid and immoral course upon which the British have led our government to embark in the Rhodesian affair.

DEAN ACHESON
Washington, D.C.

THAT WOMAN IN BOSTON

To the Editor: The smugness of Martin Nolan's article "Louise Day Hicks Gets Out the Vote" (*The Reporter*, October 19) makes my blood boil. Quite irrespective of the subject of pupil bussing, her supporters certainly have excellent reasons for seeking an alternative to a city administration whose idea of renewal consists of taller office buildings from which the wealthy businessmen residing in the suburbs can better survey their urban subjects, of dismembering the city with superhighways, and of tearing down the homes of the poor to satisfy the whims and the convenience of the airport-using upper crust.

ERNST E. SCHNABL
Chicago

TAX SURCHARGE

To the Editor: Herbert Stein's "The Case for the Tax Surcharge" (*The Reporter*, October 19) is a fair appraisal of the testimony adduced in the recent hearings before the House Ways and Means Committee. Mr. Stein apparently covered the hearings fully. The article's view that the administration should not be restricted to a tight budget in time of war is one which may have a persuasive effect upon the Congress if the tax bill, which was tabled on September 27, is considered further.

DAN ROSTENKOWSKI
House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

THE NEGRO EXODUS

To the Editor: I think Paul Clancy ("Can the Southern Negro Exodus Be Stemmed?", *The Reporter*, November 2) has done a very good job of outlining the surface reasons for the migration of Negroes to other regions. Mr. Clancy, however, has not delved into the real reasons for this migration. Both white and colored people of the South were caught in a web of circumstances which resulted from bad policies, both political and economic, adopted by the Federal government and people in the North after the War Between the States. This is where the real discrimination occurred. The Negro has simply shared in the economic plight of the region which resulted from discriminatory laws and practices designed to keep the South in a state of agricultural serfdom. I would not say that there has not been discrimination by whites against Negroes in the South, but when everyone is struggling for existence, what could you expect? Fortunately, the situation is rapidly changing. With a better balance between agriculture and industry there will be jobs for both white and black. I see no desire of the white people of this state to prevent the Negro from sharing in the economic freedom from penury which resulted from a hundred years of discrimination against both white and black. In fact, the Negro of the South is destined to be in a much better position than his ghetto-ridden brothers in the North will ever be.

F. A. DEAN, Chief
Division of Public Assistance
State Department of Welfare
Columbia, South Carolina

INDIA'S PLIGHT

To the Editor: Sundar Rajan, after describing the incredible political mess in which India finds itself ("The Steady Decline of New Delhi's Authority," *The Reporter*, October 19), ends on a note of seeming hope: "The one consolation is that they have taken on the experiment with a degree of honesty of which only those with sound democratic instincts are capable."

Lisa Hobbs, an Australian newspaperwoman who now lives in America, has written a book called *India, India,* published recently by McGraw-Hill. A few days after its appearance, this highly critical but seemingly sound analysis was banned officially by the Indian government. No explanation was given. If a country cannot brook adverse comment from the outside, what hope is there that it will mend its fences inside? The "moral rot" of which Mr. Rajan speaks in his piece would seem to be in evidence.

E. F. DAVIES
New York

REAGAN

To the Editor: Your comments ("The Reporter's Notes," October 19) on Governor Reagan's cuts in Medi-Cal and his opposition to projects to benefit the poor are very pertinent. But there is one misleading passage. Reagan did not reduce the budget for 1967-1968. Instead, the budget is the largest in the history of California. A billion dollars in new state taxes has been imposed to cover the increase in the budget.

Among Reagan's campaign promises were a lower state budget, lower taxes, and some relief from property taxes. None of these promises have been kept. Failure to keep his promises, according to Reagan, was caused by a deficit left over from the preceding administration. This hypothetical deficit was caused by the question whether accounts receivable can be considered income. Reagan says no. Accepting Reagan's interpretation of income, the deficit amounted to a hundred million dollars. But by blocking the withholding of state income taxes, Reagan threw away an estimated $60 million, and according to the newspapers the state banks got a $40-million tax break. There are rumors that other special interests also got tax benefits.

Reagan did reduce state expenditures in certain areas for services to people, largely nonvoting people. The Medi-Cal cuts to which you referred eliminate, in effect, all but emergency medical services for the poor. Some of the aged will die a little sooner, and some of the children will be ill (and probably on relief) for most of their lives. But the state will save money.

The Reagan administration has been consistent with its ultraconservative principles, but it is doubtful whether the people of California got what they thought they were voting for.

LAURENS D. MASON
Baywood Park, California

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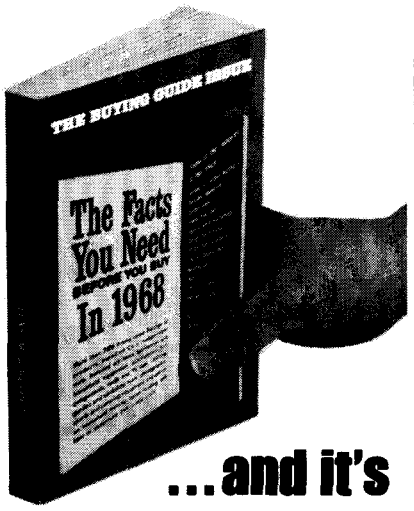

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Return to Normalcy

At some suite in the Breakers Hotel in Palm Beach in early December, a group of Republican governors plan to confer on the Presidential nomination. The meeting, which will exclude all leading Presidential candidates, will be an extracurricular activity of the Republican Governors Association's semi-annual conference. The meeting's main topic will be the anticipated collapse of Governor George Romney's candidacy and the awful prospect to these governors that Nelson Rockefeller really means what he says. Foresight has never been the strong point of G.O.P. governors. Now, standing at the pinnacle of power and influence within their party, they aim to correct this habit.

In their deliberations, the governors may ponder historical precedent—either that of 1952, favored by some Republicans, or that of 1920, favored by others. Of the two, the 1920 model might prove as reliable a guide to 1968 as the parallel of 1952.

In 1920, Republicans met in Chicago, relishing the thought of a restless electorate, weary of war and inflation under a Democratic President. The convention opened with three major candidates: a Midwestern moderate, Frank Lowden, a former businessman with a sound record as governor; an Easterner well known but not universally beloved in the party, Leonard Wood; and finally the California extremist, Hiram Johnson. After ten ballots, the convention chose a ticket of two relatively obscure favorite sons, Senator Warren G. Harding of Ohio and Governor Calvin Coolidge of Massachusetts. The latter stood for law and order and against crime in the streets. The former was a handsome man whom nobody was angry at.

Throughout the balloting, the 1920 convention was dominated by a dozen favorite-son delegations. At the 1968 Republican convention in Miami Beach, *more* than a dozen favorite sons will attend. They will exercise tighter control over their delegations than their 1920 predecessors, and without their widespread support, no candidate can achieve a majority. Most of the favorite sons will be Republican governors.

REPUBLICANS now govern states with 293 electoral votes, more than enough to elect a President. With little to gain and much to lose from ideological conflict, they are anxious to play a larger role in 1968 than the sixteen Republican governors did in 1964, most of whom stood by helplessly watching the Goldwater zealots seize the party. Of the twenty-five present governors, only three are openly committed to a candidate: Governors John Chafee of Rhode Island, Nelson Rockefeller, both to Romney, plus Romney himself. The others, as Chafee puts it, "are sitting on the fence awaiting the outcome of the primaries."

While sitting, the other governors speculate. There must be sound political reasons, they figure, for so acute an absence of commitment. Most of the governors are persuaded that Romney and his chief opponent in the primaries, former Vice President Richard Nixon, have worn out their welcome with voters, no matter what the verdict of the primaries. Evidence of this public attitude is found in polls among non-Republicans, where Romney did well before he began making speeches and where Nixon enjoys a temporary popularity born of his decision to spend this year making few speeches and generally hidden from public view.

The scenario for the primaries' denouement is already written for the governors who want victory. If Nixon wins the skirmishes, they

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must join a stop-Nixon effort. If Romney prevails, they must somehow block the forces of Governor Ronald Reagan of California, the logical inheritor of Nixon's strength. So the governors will meet and talk —in Palm Beach, at a Washington meeting of the National Governors Conference in February, or even at the annual national conclave of governors at Cincinnati in July, less than a month before the convention. On the minds of several will be the thought that keeps them awake at night—"If George Romney can run for President, why can't I?" Either by drawing straws or by some other process of elimination, the governors might then proceed to put forth their own dark horse.

If this Palm Beach meeting of governors could endure such self-sacrifice of ambitions, the dark-horse deliberations would eventually come down to four men: two from the West, Governors Daniel Evans of Washington and John Love of Colorado, plus the inheritors of the geographic formula of 1920, James Rhodes of Ohio and John Volpe of Massachusetts.

Evans and Love have good records as governors, but in Republican politics they have been less successful. In 1964, fifteen of the eighteen Colorado delegates and twenty-two of the twenty-four Washington delegates were for Goldwater. Love and Evans have had to struggle mightily to retain control of their state parties. Back East, Rhodes and Volpe have no such problem and command larger delegations besides. An amiable, golf-playing professional politician who has apparently kept Ohioans happy, Rhodes has one huge asset at Miami Beach—the fourth largest delegation there, fifty-eight votes.

Of the four dark horses, Volpe has been laboring hardest for a spot on the ticket. A former hodcarrier, he became a millionaire, then combined a tycoon's appeal with that of an immigrant's son to be elected governor three times. Volpe politicked during the National Governors Conference aboard the S.S. *Independence* well enough to be elected chairman of next year's conference. In the process, the governor's aides extolled his ethnic strength, mentioning to all hands

If this were an ordinary gin, we would have put it in an ordinary gin bottle.

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Colonial stronghold... and testing ground of independence.

DAKAR AND WEST AFRICAN ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT

By Richard J. Peterec

Independence of the former French West African states has had a marked effect upon such colonial legacies as the port of Dakar, as a new set of forces was set into motion by the wants and needs of the new individual states. This study, based on three recent field trips to the region, and utilizing the latest available statistics, gives an understanding of the present-day role of the port, by examining the physical base, historical development, and political evolution of West Africa, so that the reader understands more fully the forces shaping the new political pattern of "l'Afrique francophone." $8.75

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aboard how readily Volpe could command the loyalties of millions of Italo-Americans.

Given the surface electoral appeal of these four, how does lightning strike? In 1920, both Harding and Coolidge were coached by men who qualified as geniuses in the infancy of American public relations. Harry Daugherty, Harding's mentor, had spread the word of his man's availability for months. His climax of promotional activity occurred at the Chicago convention when he brought a seventy-five-voice glee club from Columbus, not to shout Harding's praises but to serenade the other candidates. Coolidge's chief booster was a Boston merchant, Frank Stearns. He capitalized on Coolidge's fame following the Boston police strike by distributing to each delegate a book of Coolidge's speeches, a gesture as sublime and soothing as Daugherty's choir.

TODAY the art of the buildup is more sophisticated and the weapons more plentiful: an invitation to go before a Congressional committee to declaim eloquently on some topic or other; an academic lecture tour; ghosted magazine articles; a Washington press conference on "The Future of the Republican Party." Starting a publicity bandwagon takes as much talent as starting a rock and roll band. Its speed and steering towards the desires of delegates takes considerably more skill.

The second-echelon Republican governors, even though they want a winner, may find the task of choosing one of their own too arduous. By their caution, they may resign themselves to Nixon or Romney. For even the most naïve Republican liberals would concede today that their wing of the party lacks the material and the craftsmanship to fashion a silver platter on which to deliver the nomination to Rockefeller.

Mail Sex Behavior

From time to time we have pointed out that the nation's capital, though somewhat defensive on the subject of its cultural inferiority to New York, enjoys a theatrical season in Congress every year that is at least the equal of that provided on Broadway. Until this season, however, we had not realized that the legislators were capable of matching the most innovative and imaginatively daring efforts of contemporary theatre. How many know, for instance, that the House Post Office and Civil Service Committee is currently backing a long-run hit in the capital that could be called *Pandarus Is Alive*—being essentially *Troilus and Cressida* without either Troilus or Cressida?

We are referring to yet another of those improbable legislative sleepers which have been attached by the House to the administration's postal-rate and pay-increase bill. This one, for an only mildly refreshing change, does not deal with Communist propaganda or even with obscenity as we—with the Supreme Court's help—have come to know it. Rather it is meant to put an end to "pandering" advertisements. And what is pandering? It is, to cite the language of the bill, using the U.S. mails to send an addressee advertisements which are either "sexually provocative" or "erotically arousing."

And who makes what the American Civil Liberties Union has delicately called the "determination of arousability?" For several years, as the measure made its slow but steady way through the House, it was understood that the Postmaster General was to serve not only as mailman, patronage dispenser, Congressional-relations expert, and political party manager but also as judge of the effects of all mailed advertising on the quirks and passions of two hundred million Americans. Then, in October, the House had a sudden insight: it amended the provision so that the recipient of the mail has it within "his sole discretion" to decide what is and is not provocative to him.

IT WILL NOT COME as a surprise to students of postal affairs that the father of the whole enterprise is Representative Glenn Cunningham (R., Nebraska), who has plenty of experience in affixing this kind of provision to politically irresistible and vetoproof pay-increase bills. It was as a result of his unflagging efforts that the Post Office Department, along with its myriad stations

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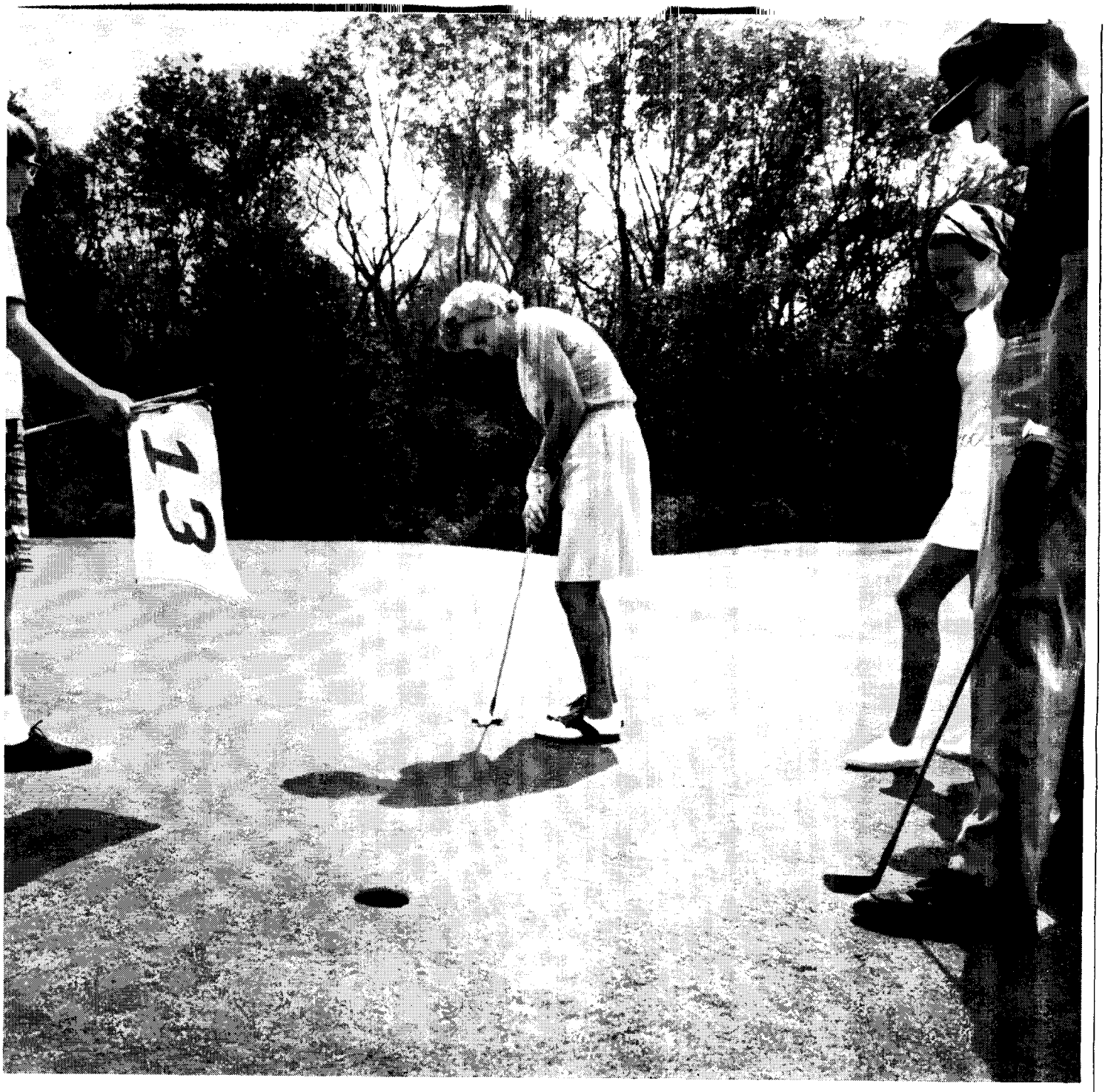

She's pretty cool for a gal whose roast has been ready since the 11th hole.

That's because she's sure her oven's keeping her roast warm and tender. Not dry and overcooked.

Most cook-and-keep-warm ovens aren't news. But hers is. It uses a new kind of system, ours, that converts heat to electricity for precise control.

At the end of a pre-set cooking period, her oven's temperature drops to 170°F. and stays there. There are no wide swings in temperature.

Our gal golfer probably couldn't care less why her roast stayed just the way she wanted it.

Or why her husband can set our new General Controls-brand home thermostat precisely, even in the dark.

Or why our precision controls and instruments are used in the hydraulic and fuel systems of the jet that flew her son to London on vacation.

Or why our controls and instruments are used in an exact refining process for a high-octane gasoline that her daughter uses in her sports car.

Since our Controls and Instruments Division does care, she doesn't have to. Ever.

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"Please take care of my sister..."

TAICHUNG, FORMOSA — *Two-year-old Su Ying, her parents dead, waits for her brother who will never return.*

Little Su Ying was abandoned in the alley behind our Babies' Home in Formosa. She was frightened, cold and hungry.

But as you can see in the picture, someone had tried to make her look pretty. Her hair was combed and her dress, even though torn, was clean.

In her hand she clutched a note written by her brother:

"Please take care of my sister. Our parents are dead for many weeks. I am twelve and can no longer find food for this small sister. To my ears came news of your House, so I bring Su Ying to you."

Will you help us give Su Ying—and youngsters equally as needy—a chance to grow up in an atmosphere of love?

For only $12 a month you can sponsor such a child and receive his or her photograph, personal history, and the opportunity to write letters.

Your child will know who you are and will answer your letters. Correspondence is translated at our overseas offices.

(And if you want your child to have a special gift—a pair of shoes, a warm jacket, a fuzzy bear—you can send your check to our office and the *entire amount* will be forwarded, along with your instructions.)

Since 1938, thousands of American sponsors have found this to be an intimate, person-to-person way of sharing their blessings with youngsters around the world.

And your help is desperately needed. Overseas, our staff reports boys and girls still search garbage dumps for food . . . babies abandoned in the streets . . . blind children locked in cellars . . .

Little Su Ying and children like her need your love. Won't you help? Today? Thank you.

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in Korea, Taiwan, India, Brazil. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

Write today: Verbon E. Kemp

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I wish to sponsor ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country) _____

☐ Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay $12 a month. I enclose first payment of $_____. Send me child's name, story, address and picture. I cannot sponsor a child but want to give $_____.

☐ Please send me more information.

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and substations, spent three years trying to sort out undefined Communist propaganda in the mails, until the Supreme Court, in 1965, ruled the Cunningham Amendment to the Postal Act of 1962 unconstitutional.

But although Congressman Cunningham's parliamentary skill was responsible for the unexpected inclusion of the pandering provision in this year's bill, it was a Democratic colleague from California, Representative Jerome R. Waldie, who introduced the amendment which provides that an addressee may direct the Postmaster General to order the mailer of *anything* he believes to have sexually provoked or erotically aroused him to send him no further mailings and to remove his name from all mailing lists. If the mailer neglects to do so, the Postmaster General must ask the attorney general to go into court and seek an injunction against him. Should the mailer—now officially characterized as a panderer—not comply, he will be subject to fines and imprisonment for contempt. Neither he nor the Postmaster General has any freedom to set aside the charge should the offensive material turn out to be nothing more than a picture of a fully clothed woman—or for that matter, a picture of Little Red Ridinghood, whose own profoundly depraved significance Dr. Freud disclosed about fifty years ago.

The American Bar Association has joined with the ACLU in deploring the provision. There is, as is customary in these recurrent episodes, talk that the Senate committee now considering the bill will sidetrack the Pandarus provision. If it fails to, as the measure's opponents have pointed out, the way will be open for everyone to return even bills that include pictorial advertisements.

We suppose that a case could be made for the Cunningham-Waldie effort on the grounds that it provides the first statutory recognition of the civil rights of Fetishists in this country, but frankly we're not very enthusiastic about the whole thing. It is our unofficial opinion that if the spicy debate that attends such Congressional efforts to control obscenity is not modified, one of the first victims of the pandering act might well be the *Congressional Record.*

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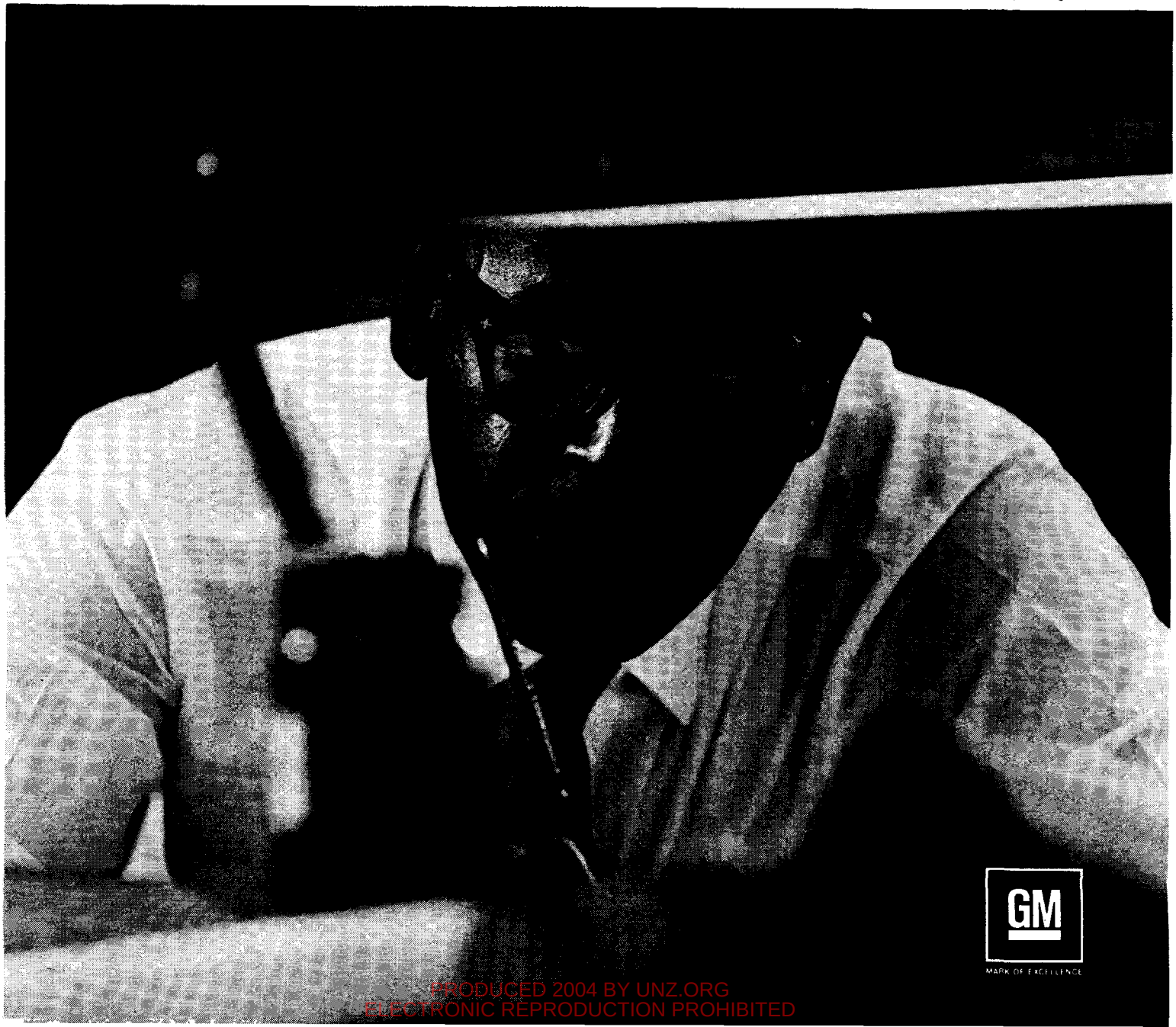
Ben Bouier is only one of many highly-skilled, self-made men who have made their mark at GM by making the pursuit of perfection a way of life.

It's one of many good reasons why you will always find the Mark of Excellence on every Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick and Cadillac car.

Benjamin H. Bouier, Jr., GM Manufacturing Development Staff, Warren, Michigan.



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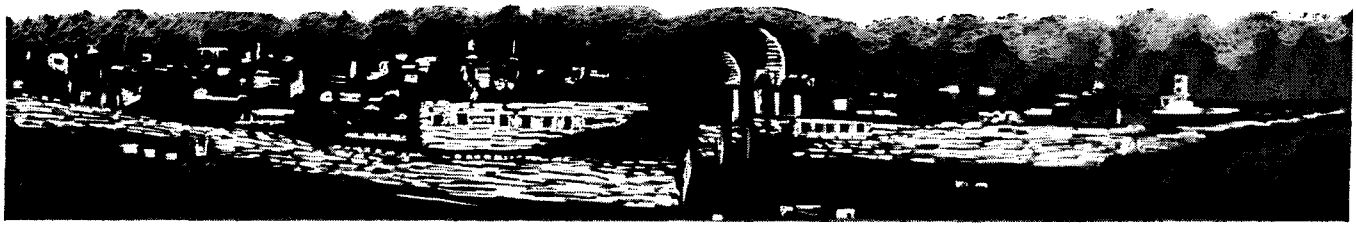

The Ebbing of Euphoria

HERBERT WEINER

SEVERAL MONTHS have passed since the feats of the Israeli Army lifted Jews throughout the world to one of the greatest emotional peaks in their turbulent history. Its effects have not yet worn off—not in Israel and not in the United States. But the reaction is well under way. Unless things are handled with great skill, Israel will gradually return to the discomforts and problems that beset it before the June war.

The key word to describe Israel's condition and mood during the months before the war is "*mitun*," which means "moderation," but which in effect resulted in a recession. On the economic level Israel's recession was severe. But the country as a whole understood the need for the government's program and was even proud of a policy designed to increase efficiency and make the state less dependent on charitable contributions from abroad. The recession that most worried Israel and its leaders had its roots in less tangible but far more dangerous layers of reality. During the year preceding the war, Israel was overcome by a recession of spirit—a recession of self-confidence and belief in its own future, a mood that if continued could only point toward the demise of the Jewish state, with or without the help of the Arabs.

The Days of Disquiet

What was it that brought about this mood? First and foremost, the economic downturn, which was felt most by the poorest and least secure elements of the population, namely, the recent immigrants who had been directed to settle in outlying towns and border villages. This was accompanied by the dwindling of immigration to a mere trickle and a notable rise in the emigration of recently graduated technicians, engineers, and doctors—more than forty per cent of the latter were said to have left Israel over the past few years. But in the Israeli press this news usually appeared in the back pages. The front pages were filled with news of political battles.

Now, political controversy in Israel, where a dozen parties are forever splitting into splinter parties or merging into coalitions needed to form a governing majority, is not a new phenomenon. What was new this year was the ugly personal nature of the debates. Schoolchildren brought home jokebooks mocking the government and its leadership. Nobody escaped besmirching: Abba Eban needed a translator in Israel for his fancy Hebrew and a translator in the United States for his grandiloquent English; Golda Meir was the only "man" in the ruling circles. But the most popular subject for public lampooning was Premier Levi Eshkol.

There is an element of pathos in Eshkol's attempt to play the role of a national leader in a time of crisis. He seems to have an unfortunate gift for the inappropriate gesture or word, whether it be the needless—and, in the light of Israel's policy on Jerusalem, embarrassing—statement on the first day of the war that Israel had no interest in territorial acquisition, or

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the self-diminishing attempt to publicly lessen General Moshe Dayan's achievements with the wistful statement that all would have been the same if he, Levi Eshkol, had remained Minister of Defense during the war. Either the timing or the words or both are out of place. When, after the elections, people accused him of not knowing his own mind, he replied, "I compromise and compromise until I get my own way." In fact, it was this willingness to listen to all sides that made him appear to the public as the kind of "reasonable" man they wanted after the reign of the impetuous, dictatorial David Ben Gurion.

ONE is tempted to think in terms of the unconscious to explain the complex of emotions underlying Israeli politics before the war. During the decades that preceded and followed the establishment of the Jewish state in 1948, it might be argued, Ben Gurion was the father figure of the nation. But in 1965, Ben Gurion resigned from the Mapai Party when the majority refused to accept his views on an intraparty controversy, forming a new party called Rafi. After the Old Man resigned his seat of power, the revolt and revenge of his formerly docile children did have Oedipal overtones. Ben Gurion's decisions were always made in the light of a stern vision which took little account of individual or even party interests. The result, over the years, was many bruised egos and many unsettled personal accounts. Golda Meir was Foreign Minister during the Sinai Campaign in 1956, yet the launching of the campaign was as much a surprise to her as it was to almost everybody else in the country. The official reason given was the need for utmost secrecy. Today, there is no more virulent anti-Ben Gurion and anti-Rafi voice than Golda Meir's. We may see the feelings between Ben Gurion and his former subordinates in terms of the Oedipus complex, the settling of old accounts, or simply as the natural desire of properly elected leaders to prove their mettle. Whatever the analysis, the present leadership of Mapai is still haunted by the image of Ben Gurion and those who follow his leadership—to the extent that the most crucial government decisions are seen in terms of their personal struggle with him.

This is not to say that one party thinks only in terms of national interests while the other thinks in terms of party and personal prestige. But the normal exchange between the ins and the outs is, in this case, complicated by a maze of personal memories, loves, hates, and antagonisms, such as develop in a family over a lifetime of too close relationships.

And Israel's politicians are a long-lived family. A foreign visitor, Senator Joseph S. Clark of Pennsylvania, put his finger on the major weakness of Israeli politics when he pointed out that the median age of the Knesset was probably higher than in any other parliamentary body in the world. Israelis say that their present system of government is neither a theocracy nor a democracy but a gerontocracy.

This is no reflection on the character of the Knesset members, most of whom were indeed the founding fathers of the country. But its negative effect, outside of an understandable degree of personal and party nepotism, is a tendency to think in terms of old formulas, even when the old solutions are obviously unrelated to new realities.

A Problem of Numbers

The most urgent of these new realities was the fact that immigration into Israel was on the verge of being overtaken by emigration. This fact had a number of clear-cut statistical implications that could not help but undermine morale. The nearly two and a half million Jews of Israel are surrounded by sixty million Arabs sworn to their destruction. The birthrate of the Arab minority within Israel is much higher than the Jewish rate of 1.6 per cent. Thus, the present Arab minority in Israel—not counting the increase of Arab population as a result of the war—could become a majority in the foreseeable future.

The presupposition upon which the Jewish state based its existence and future was that a substantial percentage of Jews in the Diaspora would want to live in Israel as a matter of free choice. This thesis has been shaken by a number of events over the past years. There has not been any substantial immigration from the Jewish populations in the West. Even when Jews had been forced to leave their native lands, as in Algeria or Cuba, most did not go to Israel. And the Soviet Union, the land at which longing eyes were cast as the source some day for a mass immigration, seemed nowhere near allowing such an exodus of its Jews.

To this situation, the country's leaders responded with the same formulas that they had been using for years. Jews were told to come to Israel in order to avoid a future debacle, either physical or spiritual, in the lands of their birth. Only in Israel would they be able to lead "full" Jewish lives. And even as they would benefit, physically and spiritually, from Israel, so would Israel benefit from the skill, technical training, and capital they brought from the Diaspora. Ignored in these calls was the fact that Jews in western lands did not anticipate a physical debacle or, if they did anticipate it, saw no greater security in Israel; or the fact that Israeli skill and training were emigrating from the land because of unemployment; or the fact that the great majority of Jews were not at all interested in leading a "full" Jewish life. The answers were old; the reality was new. Adding it all up together—the economic *mitun*, the drying up of immigration, the occupation of the old leaders with personal accounts, jealousies, and rages, the absence of any answers other than the old slogans—all this combined to give everybody a feeling of being on a becalmed vessel with no prospect of wind.

EVERYTHING was changed the third week of May. The question of whether the Israeli government anticipated President Nasser's moves or reacted in the proper manner is now a subject of political controversy. But for anyone living in Israel those weeks, it was obvious beyond any argument that the government and its intelligence services had not expected the sudden turn of events. It was only after the U.N. had been removed from the Egyptian border and Nasser had moved thousands of troops into the Sinai that the most elementary procedures of civil de-

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fense were instituted. Bomb shelters and air-raid drills had not been thought about for years.

The weather was lovely and the soldiers sang as they readied their weapons and gathered around campfires in the evening. But in the cities there was a stillness that was rooted in more than sad anticipation of war. It was a stillness that spoke of endings. The months of the *mitun* had produced a joke. Somebody had put up a sign at Lydda Airport: "Will the last Jew to leave the country please put out the lights." There was another joke, more difficult to translate. A Sabra shrugs his shoulders and says, "Nu, so we didn't succeed in building a third Jewish state. What can you do." A month before, people had laughed at such stories. Now they were too close to reality for laughter.

It seemed to everybody except the army that there was no way of postponing a catastrophe. If there was war, it would be survived, but at a cost that would bleed the government of its youth and future. If there was no war, there would be be slow strangulation.

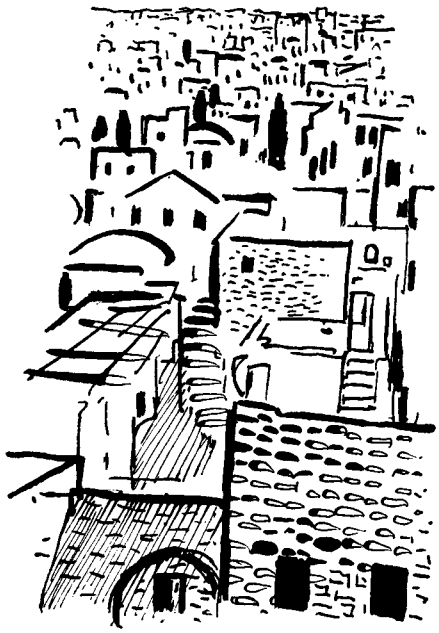
The significance of the feelings that characterized the Israeli response to the war will be discussed for years to come. Some people have no hesitation in comparing the historic meaning of this war to Biblical episodes like the Exodus from Egypt and the crossing of the Red Sea. The quality of the sacrifice—and the style of the fighting—must be judged in the light of the fact that almost a third of those killed were officers.

Another statistic is the fact that nearly a third of Israel's dead were killed in the battle for the Old City of Jerusalem—this loss being caused in part by the order forbidding the use of artillery in order to spare the holy sites. Any Israeli government engineering the return to peace knows that this figure is a more persuasive reality in its people's mind than any amount of diplomatic pressure. Putting it bluntly, a government that tried to return the Old City to anything like its former status would fall. The same limitations on government policy would apply to heights from which Syrian guns were able almost at will to destroy settlements ringing the Sea of Galilee. They would obviously also apply to the Strait of Tiran, whose blockade initiated the events leading to the war.

All these facts are crystal clear, both to the government and the population. They set very severe limits on any geographical compromise for a postwar settlement.

The Changing Spirit

Far less clear are the implications of certain moods and feelings that swept the population during and immediately following the war. Why



battle-hardened paratroopers with no claim to religious feelings cried and rubbed their cheeks on the stones of the western wall of the Temple in Jerusalem is a question to which Israelis themselves cannot offer a clear answer. After all, most of these soldiers are the younger brothers and sisters of veterans, who, after the Israeli War of Independence, couldn't stand speeches beginning "Two thousand years ago. . . ." These were the young people ostensibly so lacking in feeling for the Jewish past as to have impelled educational authorities to create an ineffectual course in Jewish consciousness. Why, then, this feeling for some old stones belonging to a Temple whose religious rites very few would like to see restored? The Wall is, of course, a symbol of historic continuity, a place throbbing with past memories. Not that most Israelis think about the Wall in terms of religious orthodoxy. Nevertheless, the most confirmed secularist could scarcely repress within himself a feeling that its return implied that Jewish history had taken a great and decisive turn.

Adding impetus to this sense of an utterly new phase of national history was the sudden melting of the boundaries. For weeks after the war, Israeli roads leading to Jerusalem and into the West Bank of the Jordan resembled the rush-hour traffic jam of a major American city.

For nineteen years, Israelis had walked up streets and traveled along roads that ended with the sign "Border—No Passing." The bursting of Israel's physical borders had, then, a psychological component. It was again a foretaste of that time when all artificial borders would be eliminated. And in this case, even as promised in Messiah's times, the breakthrough of physical barriers was accompanied by a breakthrough of human barriers on a personal and national level. Ephraim Kishon, a popular Israeli columnist, has satirized Israel's wartime "crisis of politeness." It was a time, writes Kishon, when automobile drivers not only hastened to pick up hitch-hikers but deliberately chose elderly ladies with glasses over young pretty army girls. A member of a kibbutz reminisces how only a few days after the war "We became aware of how precious everyone was to us. . . . Suddenly we knew how to be better to each other, more tolerant."

Even more dramatic and inspiring was the melting of political and personal boundaries on the level of national leadership. Ben Gurion and his lifelong political and ideological enemy Menachem Beigen embraced each other on the floor of the Knesset. Mapai, the dominant party, agreed to form a "wall-to-wall" cabinet that would include the opposition. It was a taste of unity which, people said, they did not expect to see until the Messiah's times.

Not the smallest part of Israel's Messianic mood was the news of the reaction of Jewish communities throughout the world. And there was indeed something extraordinary about this reaction. At last counting,

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contributions of world Jewry to the Israel Emergency Fund amounted to more than $350 million. In the United States people mortgaged homes, sold jewelry, stock, and—the acme of all paper heroism—gave from capital. But the fact in itself does not tell the full story of what Israel's battle for survival meant to Jews who were themselves not personally threatened by annihilation. "Give now or you may never have a chance to give again" was the slogan used at fund-raising efforts.

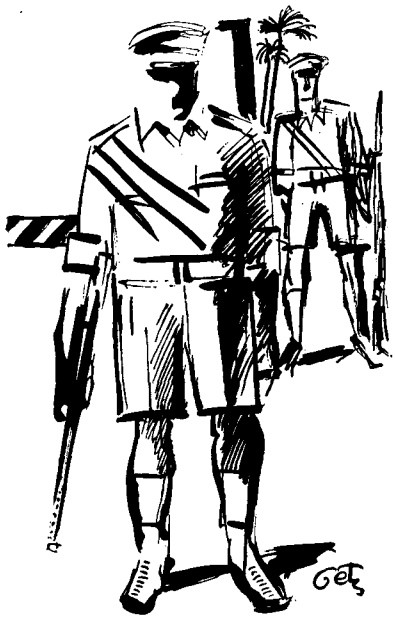
Logically, this didn't make sense. If Israel were destroyed, there would obviously be plenty of opportunity and need for giving again. Yet there was the feeling that this was indeed the last chance. For what? My own guess is that the "what" had to do with layers of consciousness that surround what the theologians call ultimate questions. To understand this feeling, one must realize that the destruction of six million innocent men, women, and children has not yet been digested by Jews and Judaism. That is to say, Jews who want to make some sort of sense out of their history and out of the claim of this history—that there is some kind of moral arithmetic "up there," have not really been able to shake off the "lesson" of this catastrophe. For individual Jews, its pragmatic implication would be an agreement with Heine's definition of Judaism as a misfortune and desire to "want out." On a theological level, it seemed to say that there was "no judge and no judgment."

In other words, the lesson of holocaust would be the conclusion that there is no sense in Jewish historic existence. Seeking to escape from this abyss of negation, Jews were able to turn to only one fact—the emergence of the State of Israel. Rightly or wrongly, many Jews felt that the survival of Israel was their last chance to give some measure of meaning to the suffering of the innocents who perished in Auschwitz and Treblinka—indeed, a last chance to make any sense out of Jewish history. Consciously or unconsciously, then, Israel's victory took on the significance of a sign in the old Biblical sense. Few used that kind of language, but the feeling was there. It looked as though Israel was to become the instrument and sense for an utterly new and brighter phase of Jewish history. It had turned into a symbol of the old Messianic dream.

In Victory's Wake

And here is the damper. For Messianic dreams and efforts to turn nations into symbols are likely to be followed by a painful reawakening—and the loftier the dream, the more dangerous the reawakening.

Outside Israel, this reawakening is not likely to be very dramatic. From the Jewish communities will still come generous contributions to the Israel Emergency Fund. But the excitement will be gone—in fact, replaced by some troublesome "backlash" to the Israeli victory. If the Jew can no longer be despised for his powerlessness or alienation from the soil and healthy physical labor, then he can be denounced as an aggressor and persecutor of innocent Arab men, women, and children. This is not to say that all non-Jewish opinion must take this path. As a matter of fact, most American non-Jews are still very pro-Israel in their sentiments. Nevertheless, a pro-Israel position in days to come will not be as comfortable as during the weeks when it was clear that only Israel stood in the way of a complete Soviet take-over in the Middle East.



As for Israel itself, the basic mix of economic forces that brought about the *mitun*—namely, the absence of local markets and the inability of Israeli products to compete in either price or quality—remains unchanged. The political battlefront is again fiercely alive. The energy expended on this intramural battling leaves little over for the awesome problems involved in the administration of the newly acquired Arab territories.

As for immigration, all agree that today, with the access of a million Arabs, the need is greater than ever before. Every convention and gathering of Jews from abroad has been bombarded with fruitless calls for immediate *Aliyah*. At the same time, the agencies in charge of attracting and assimilating new immigrants have missed the opportunity of even temporarily absorbing some of the volunteers who did come to Israel during the war.

IN SHORT, the economic and political factors that produced Israel's *mitun* before the war are present again, and the demographic problem —the danger of the Jews' becoming a minority in their own land—is even more severe. But a change has taken place. It is not a Messianic change but it is a change of spirit that can be seen in the eyes of the gas-station attendant or the waiter who has just taken off his army uniform. The fact of the matter is that Israel, as a result of the Six Day War in June, has established once and for all the right to exist. After two thousand years, Israel once again *belongs* in the Middle East. And it has been made clear that it is the commitment of the United States that this should be so.

But a change has also taken place on another level. Those not diffident about using religious terminology could call it a renewed belief in the Covenant—a conviction that whatever force uses history to display its will, obviously wants the Jews to live. Such a conviction may not be given much weight in a cold analysis of the prospects of a small Middle Eastern state. But it is precisely this conviction that has kept Jewish history going and brought the State of Israel into being. It is likely to again be the decisive element for the future.

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The Strange World Of UNRWA

GEORGE BAILEY

PROBABLY the most significant result of the Six Day War to date is the direct confrontation of the State of Israel with its political antibody, the Arab refugee community, as institutionalized in UNRWA, the United Nations Relief and Works Agency for Palestine Refugees. The confrontation was inevitable because the solving of one moral issue—the resettlement of the Jewish victims of Nazism—inadvertently begot the moral counterissue of the repatriation of the Palestinian exiles; but it was critically prejudiced when the Palestinian refugees became, in effect, wards of the United Nations. The degeneration and final corruption of this wardship is exposed—in a kind of agony between reticence and resoluteness—in the seventeenth annual report of the Commissioner-General of UNRWA, released to the public on October 18.

In December, 1948, shortly before the first Arab-Israeli war ended, the U.N. General Assembly adopted Resolution 194, which stipulated that the refugees be permitted to return to their homes and that compensation be paid to those not choosing to return. To care for the refugees, the United Nations Relief for Palestine was set up as a temporary mission. In 1950, in response to the recommendation of a U.N. economic survey that employment be found for the refugees, "Works" was coupled with "Relief" and UNRWA was born with a three-year mandate. Its latest report recalls that the 1948 resolution "has been reaffirmed year after year by the Assembly but has remained unimplemented." Instead, the refugee community has grown steadily from 800,000 in 1948 to some one and a quarter million at the time of the outbreak of the Arab-Israeli war in June, since when it has increased by 220,000.

On June 14, hardly three days after the Syrian cease-fire, the Security Council passed Resolution 237, which stipulated that the second wave of refugees be permitted to return to their homes. Meanwhile Arabs continued to flee from the West Bank to the East Bank of the Jordan by the thousands, most of them in army trucks provided by the Israeli government. Only half of these 200,000 refugees were already registered with UNRWA; and with the overrunning of the Golan Heights in Syria and the Sinai Peninsula by the Israeli Army, their ranks were swollen by Syrian and Egyptian nationals.

Despite the resolution, there has been no question of returning this last group, numbering some 150,000, to Syria and the United Arab Republic, since the Syrian and U.A.R. governments have refused to enter into negotiations with the Israelis. With Jordan the case was different. In early July, it was arranged through the Red Cross intermediary to repatriate refugees there to the West Bank once they had filled in applications and been investigated. After a number of delays, on August 6, at a meeting on the Allenby Bridge, representatives of the Israeli government, the International Red Cross, and the Jordanian Red Crescent agreed on the format and text of the applications, which were then printed in Hebrew, Arab, and English. August 31 was set as the deadline, apparently for the submission of applications only and not the physical return.

During this period the Israelis set up a refreshment stand for the refugees under the trees just off the approach to the Allenby Bridge. Since the bridge is about seven miles from the Dead Sea, where temperatures register more than thirty degrees higher than in Amman or Jerusalem, the refugees, most of them couples with small children, proceeded across the bridge in the cool of the morning. When necessary, Israeli soldiers lent a hand. The operation proceeded smoothly. There were no incidents, but neither were there ever very many refugees. Only slightly more than fourteen thousand—less than a tenth of those who fled—have returned over the Jordan to the West Bank. The Israelis have agreed to admit the remaining six thousand of those they have authorized to return, but negotiations seem to hang fire.

Conflicting Aims

Apart from the fact that the deadline of August 31, announced as the cutoff date for repatriation itself by Foreign Minister Abba Eban on August 14, was deplored as entirely out of keeping with the spirit and the wording of the two United Nations resolutions, something was obviously wrong.

In the two weeks between the announcement of the deadline and the deadline proper, UNRWA in Jordan, by working day and night, had processed forty thousand applications of at least 150,000 people for return to the West Bank. Only about thirteen per cent of these were returned by the Israeli authorities with the requisite pink passage slips denoting acceptance. The Jordanian authorities complained that they were usually given only twelve hours to round up and present several hundred refugees scattered throughout nine camps. When the Israelis, as they often did, accepted some and rejected others of the same family, the entire family usually refused to go. Old refugees from the townships of Jericho, Bethlehem, and Jerusalem were rejected out of hand: the report states that only three thousand of the 93,000 old refugees were permitted to return.

From the beginning, the furtive, almost clandestine behavior of the Jordanian officials in negotiations was accompanied by publicized incitements to the returning refugees to act as saboteurs, "as advance guerrilla groups," or as mere practitioners of civil disobedience. One Amman newspaper quoted a Jordanian cabinet minister in an impassioned plea to all West Bank residents to resist the Israeli occupying authority by every possible means. The minister denied that he had ever made such a statement, but such incitements were repeatedly broadcast by Radio Amman. These were branded by the

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Israelis as "completely contrary to the spirit of the Allenby Bridge agreement," and they announced that the campaign had necessitated a severe screening of all the applicants for return.

The Israeli conduct of the repatriation of the West Bank refugees was an attempt to make more of "the Allenby Bridge agreement" than it actually was; to use and develop it, that is, as a precedent for direct negotiations between the two governments. Part and parcel of this attempt was the ensuing demonstration that it lay within the Israelis' power to make the agreement considerably less than what it should have been. The same rationale applied to the 1948 resolution stipulating the return of and full restitution for the original Palestine refugees, which has remained "unimplemented" for nineteen years. In 1958 the Israelis, with the backing and encouragement of John Foster Dulles, did make a definitive offer of compensation at $200 million. It was rejected by the Arabs. The 1948 resolution, the Israelis point out, also calls for negotiations. The Arab governments concerned have steadfastly refused to negotiate—until Jordan's half-voluntary, half-forced move late this summer.

When another round of negotiations was arranged in order to accommodate the remaining six thousand of those accepted, the Jordanian officials failed to appear. A second meeting was arranged; again the Jordanian officials failed to appear. The Jordanians then sent apologies and asked that the original negotiator for the Israelis, Yosef Tekoah, Assistant Director General of the Foreign Affairs Ministry, be sent to negotiate at a third meeting. Tekoah was flown back to Israel from New York for the occasion.

When the meeting finally took place, it developed that there had never been so many as six thousand —it was more like 3,500; the rest of the applications were admitted to be fabrications or duplications. But the Jordanian officials had no cogent explanation for their failure to find the majority who did exist.

The Israelis claim that the Arab refugees habitually fabricate additional family members in their documentation so as to secure additional camp rations. Since this fabrication often consists in doubling the number of children, such families would turn up at the crossing point with half their registered children missing and claim they had got lost.

Indeed, the great continuing scandal in UNRWA has been its consistent failure to carry out the investigations necessary to insure that rations are distributed according to need. As both cause and result, there has been a Gogolian chicanery with dead souls, unborn children, and professional impostors. By far the worst offender in this regard has always been Jordan, where the ration rolls have not been verified since 1953—and scarcely even then, since rioting in the refugee camps caused the Jordanian government to stop UNRWA's attempts "to carry out a general scrutiny of ration entitlements."

To date, all four host countries—Lebanon, Syria, Jordan, and the U.A.R.—have foiled UNRWA's every attempt to rectify the situation. ("In Jordan, a programme of eliminating the most flagrant abuses of the ration system . . . was less successful than had been hoped, as its introduction coincided with parliamentary elections."—UNRWA Report, 1967.) According to the UNRWA report for 1966, attempts to deal with particular elements of the problem, such as "the so-called merchants who traffic in ration cards and rationed commodities and who have a vested interest in the inaccuracies of the rolls, have also often failed, owing to adverse reactions among the refugees."

Largely because of this broadly co-ordinated skulduggery, "It has not proved possible for UNRWA to reflect adequately the exent of . . . rehabilitation in its published statistics of the number of refugees who have been rendered self-supporting and from whom relief assistance has therefore been withdrawn."

Most of the host countries have added insult to injury by taxing services, imposing import duties on the agency's relief supplies, and refusing payment for riot damage. To prevent this "double take," UNRWA has almost continuously pressed claims against Lebanon, Syria, and Jordan. Total claims against Lebanon now amount to 466,674 Lebanese pounds; against Syria, 272,780 Syrian pounds; against Jordan (including a claim for the cost of electricity consumed by the Arab Legion but charged to the agency), 20,768 Jordanian dinars. Moreover, the agency reckons that in the past sixteen years it has paid $1.5 million in excess rail charges to Syria, Lebanon, and Jordan. A complicating factor here is UNRWA's employment of an unusually high proportion of locally recruited staff (11,500 Arabs compared to 112 recruited internationally). Says the report, "The concept of an international organiza-

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tion functioning independently of, but in co-operation with, the local Government in fields of activity which are normally the domain of the Government itself is not easily understood."

UNRWA officials tend to have great respect for the Israelis, who are past masters of resettlement and rehabilitation within the program of the Ingathering of the Exiles. For their part, however, the Israelis deplore UNRWA as "a self-perpetuating bureaucracy" with a "refugee-camp fixation." As a senior member of the Israeli Foreign Office put it, "I will tell you what the UNRWA report will say: 'All our beautifully kept and impeccably run refugee camps, which are really prosperous little villages—self-contained and almost self-supporting—have been vacated and left standing unused; if we could just get our people back into their "villages" all would be well.' "

The Israeli View

The Israelis make no secret of the fact that the camps are anathema to them. Beginning in August they purposely allowed the Arab refugees of the Gaza Strip to visit relatives and friends on the West Bank. The result is that an increasing number—already several thousands—of the Gaza refugees have left the camps, never to return. In fact, the Israelis are repatriating refugees to the West Bank from the opposite direction, integrating them into the economy and clearing the strategically important Gaza Strip as well.

The camps are the domain of UNRWA and hence of the United Nations. To the Israelis, they are installations as well as symbols for the deliberate preservation of refugees as refugees in the soul-destroying enforced idleness of camp life, the better to make political pawns of them.

In 1964, the Syrians, with Egyptian compliance, created the Palestine Liberation Organization, a terrorist "army" under the leadership of the fanatic Ahmed Shukeiri dedicated to the Return and specializing in commando raids. The PLO recruited its members largely if not exclusively from the UNRWA camps in the Gaza Strip, Jordan, and Syria. Likewise, Al Fatah, the Syrian-sponsored terrorist organization, drew most of its members from West Bank refugee-camp inmates. The Israelis are inclined to account for the flight from the camps on these grounds: "They were afraid of what we would do to them because they knew what they would have done to us."

Last year's UNRWA Report devotes a curious paragraph to this situation, noting that some governments have expressed doubts about "the propriety of the Agency's issuing rations which may be consumed by young men in military training under the auspices of the Palestine Liberation Organization. . . . In light of these differences, arrangements have been made for special added donations to the amount of $150,000 which meets the total cost of any rations consumed by the young men in question. . . . Contributors to UNRWA who may have been concerned about this matter, may thus be assured by the Agency that their contributions will not be used to furnish asistance to refugees receiving military training under the auspices of the Palestine Liberation Organization." Not directly, that is.

The central significance of the confrontation between Israel and the refugee community is this: Jordan, the artifact refugee state, the territory of the old British mandate become territory of the new UNRWA mandate, must come to terms with Israel or die. It is instructive to note that King Hussein and his Hashemite Bedouins have been held virtual captives by the intransigence of the refugees maintained and administered by UNRWA but organized and inspired by Cairo and Damascus. The government of Jordan, for example, had to refuse a rectification of the UNRWA ration rolls, held in thrall as it was by the consolidated power of the refugees who constituted a foreign body under foreign control. For the same reason, UNRWA was frustrated in its essential mission and transformed in spite of itself into a kind of international vehicle of Arab nationalist aims. The "works projects," which were the original *raison d'être* of UNRWA, never materialized (funds for the purpose were diverted into vocational schools) because the host countries would not allow them, knowing that such projects would lead to the integration of the refugees in the local communities and hence to the dissipation of Palestinian irredentism.

As a result of the Six Day War, two-thirds of the Jordanian population consists of Palestine refugees. Beginning in the second half of August, Arabs from the Gaza Strip appeared in ever-increasing numbers on the East Bank. From mid-August to mid-October, probably as many as seven thousand new refugees (roughly half the number of those repatriated) crossed to the East Bank, and approximately half of these were from Gaza. They continue to come.

According to the UNRWA report, "This influx added to the formidable problems facing a country threatened with economic collapse because of the loss of a large part of its main sources of income." In fact, economically, Jordan was cut in half by the war: forty-eight per cent of its industrial plant was situated on the West Bank, and sixty per cent of its fruit, sixty-five per cent of its vegetables, eighty per cent of its olives, and thirty per cent of its cereals were grown on the West Bank. In addition, Jordan lost possession of the holy places of Jerusalem, which brought an annual revenue of more than $30 million. Israel's determination to keep the camps empty and prevent the return of registered cases is strongly resented by the UNRWA officials in particular. Instead of returning to the West Bank "where UNRWA's installations and facilities already exist," they and their charges are faced with the necessity of folding the tents of the nine encampments in the Amman area and moving to equally makeshift quarters on the shores of the Dead Sea before the onset of winter.

FOR THE FIRST TIME, Israel is in a position to effect solutions of the Arab refugee problem by mass repatriation and resettlement, as it is doing in the "insoluble Gaza situation," integrating the refugees into the West Bank economy by means of the perfected Israeli system of founding agricultural communities. The Israelis mean to use the Arabs, residents and refugees, acquired or displaced during the war, as instruments of Israeli policy, as pres-

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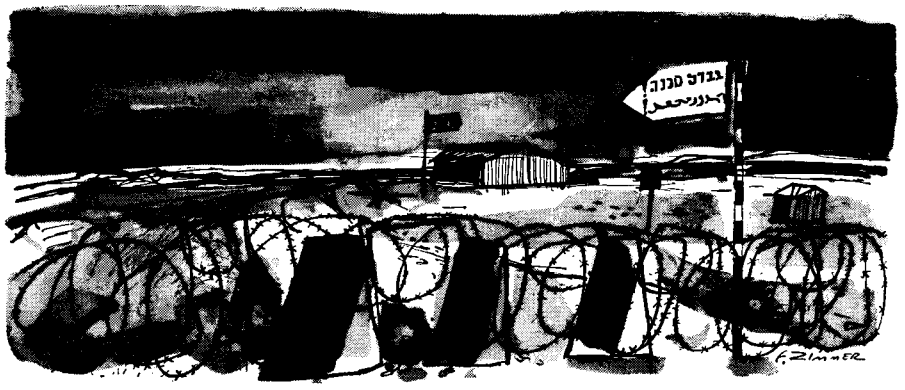
sure points against the Jordanians in order to force a regional settlement—either by direct negotiation with Hussein or by engineering the emergence of a separate Palestinian Arab state or semi-autonomous Arab economic entity. (Either of the latter would ultimately spell the doom of Jordan.)

As for UNRWA, many, including more than one Commissioner-General, have recommended as one alternative, in the words of the current report, "that the Agency should be relieved of the responsibility for distributing relief and that other arrangements should be made for the purpose (which might take the form of inviting the host government to undertake the responsibility)." It has been suggested that the relief for the Arab refugees should be distributed by an association of the western nations that contribute ninety-three per cent of the donations to UNRWA's budget, which has averaged $35 million annually. The agency's report, requesting an additional $7 million for next year, goes before the Special Committee of the United Nations at the end of this month. In spite of the diminishing enthusiasm of the chief contributors to its budget, the United States and Great Britain, UNRWA is expected to squeak through. The demiurge of humanitarian emotion, that "not absolutely intelligent deity," is likely to cover the budget once again.



The Manpower Problem

ELI GINZBERG

AFTER a long period of rapid expansion based on large-scale immigration and on the consequent pressure to house, employ, and provide modern services for the newcomers, the Israeli economy stopped expanding in 1965 and was in recession until the outbreak of the June war. In retrospect, it is clear that with immigration reduced to a trickle, with major development projects (such as piping water to the Negev) and the speculative construction boom nearing their end, the Israeli economy would have turned downward without any interference from the policymakers. But the end of the boom coincided with a new economic approach: the leadership determined that new efforts to reduce and eventually eliminate the gap in the balance of payments had to be made if economic independence were to be assured. Not even $7 billion of capital imports (mostly grants) since the establishment of the state in 1948 from overseas Jewry, U.S. governmental assistance, and German reparations had achieved this goal. And so in 1965-1966 the leadership turned off one after another of the domestic taps until all sources of new money dried up. The economic planners were determined to shift labor and capital out of enterprises serving the domestic market—construction and consumer-goods production—in favor of export industries.

They succeeded in speeding the end of the domestic boom, but they had little success in stimulating the manufacture and sale of products for the international market and the slide of the economy accelerated. The balance of payments improved somewhat in 1966, reflecting the reduction in imports because of the domestic slowdown as well as favorable export markets for cut diamonds and citrus. But the structural transformation that the policymakers hoped to achieve through a forced deflation did not occur. The substantial increases that the Israelis hope for in the export of leather goods, knitwear, chemicals and pharmaceuticals, food, jewelry, and electronic and scientific instruments remain goals; they are not yet accomplishments.

What did happen was a marked rise in unemployment that struck particularly hard at young people entering the labor market, at the immigrants in development towns, and at married women.

The politicians and the experts have been fighting about the scale of unemployment. The former talk about a peak of thirty thousand early this year, the latter of four times that figure, out of a work force of more than 900,000. The politicians count only those who appear at the labor exchanges looking for jobs; the experts calculate unemployment on the basis of a quarterly survey of the labor force.

The Economic Push

Without acknowledging that its earlier economic policy to shift employment into export industries had not worked, the government has introduced two successive budgets this year, one before and one after the war, containing provision for large-scale expenditures for public works. The consumer economy has turned the corner. But it is far from clear that the investment climate has improved to a point where the public will be willing to risk its savings either in new construction or in industrial expansion. The government, recognizing the need for encouraging private investment from local sources and from abroad, has passed legislation making funds available for new plant and equipment, reducing the interest that must be paid on borrowed funds, special

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tax concessions, and facilitating the repatriation of profits.

The employment situation has improved, but large numbers of poorly educated and unskilled persons still do not have jobs. If the government is determined, it can reflate the economy and thus ensure that these people are eventually employed. But it can do this only at the cost of a new inflation and a worsening of its balance of payments. Since elections are scheduled for 1969, the government will be under strong pressure to establish and maintain a buoyant economy, regardless of the later costs. Determined to build a progressive society, Israel's leaders have done little to control labor costs, which continue to be major hurdles to increasing its sales abroad. Hence a renewed spiral of wage and price increases could sabotage its present efforts to extend its penetration of foreign markets.

It will require more sophistication in economic planning and execution than has been demonstrated in the past if the government is to expand the domestic economy and at the same time establish and maintain a climate that will attract foreign capital and will also put pressure on Israeli manufacturers to trade the safety and security of the domestic market for the dangers and difficulties—if also the potential profits—of selling successfully in the markets of Europe and the United States.

The speed with which Israel can broaden and deepen its economic base, particularly its manufacturing sector, depends on its ability to create effective economic ties between successful foreign enterprises and its own nascent industry. Above all, Israel needs foreign firms to open branch plants or to buy into local enterprises, long-term contracts for the purchase and marketing of Israeli products, and new arrangements for the exchange, development, and exploitation of skills. Its recent spectacular military victory should encourage foreign firms to reconsider their policy with respect to the Arab boycott. Tying up with Israel may prove more profitable than protecting putative markets in Arab countries.

The need for increased ties with foreigners is now recognized as a matter of high urgency by both the business community and government. But only a few leaders understand that these arrangements require the presence in Israel of foreign experts for a sufficient time to help raise the skills and competence of local entrepreneurs in such critical areas as design, quality control, cost accounting, packaging, storage and transportation, and the myriad additional refinements that spell the difference between profit and loss. Only as the Israelis analyze their manpower needs can they act to meet them. There is little prospect of their becoming internationally competitive unless they are able to attract from abroad the managerial manpower that is not now available within the country.

Managers, technologists, and staff assistants are needed to raise the sophistication of local industries. But skills are also lacking in varying degrees at the level of foreman (the word does not exist in Hebrew) and at the level of technicians and skilled workers. Above all, the entire economy must be tightened so that the work force will perform at its best, not its second best.

WE HAVE NOTED that a principal factor in the rapid rate of growth of the Israeli economy up to 1965—amounting to about ten per cent per annum compounded—was the large influx of immigrants from Eastern Europe and recently of "oriental" Jews from Africa and the Middle East. But both of these sources are now substantially dried up. Israel can attract newcomers only from among the large Jewish communities in the United States and the smaller but still substantial groups living in Canada, South Africa, and Latin America. *Aliyah*—voluntary relocation to Israel—has always been a cornerstone of Zionist policy, but except for the group of ideologically committed who settled, secured, and built up Jewish Palestine in the decades before the Second World War, it has not succeeded. Surely *Aliyah* has been unsuccessful since the establishment of the state in 1948. Only a few western Jews are leaving their homes to make new lives in Israel.

For many years the Israeli leadership, with David Ben Gurion in the forefront, has proclaimed the need for a new *Aliyah* from the West. It wants a new infusion of western Jews to help counterbalance the large numbers from the Middle East and Africa. Two cultures are vying for supremacy, and demography is on the side of the orientals. The leadership fears that Israel may become Levantized.

During the recent war, over four thousand young volunteers went to Israel. Many of them have already left and others plan to leave. But others want to stay. It is not easy in a surplus-manpower economy to find a niche for these energetic, intelligent, but largely untrained young people. It is more difficult to entice young men one or two rungs up the career ladder to pull up stakes in the country of their birth and to relocate themselves and their families in Israel without firm commitments with regard to jobs and career prospects.

The government of Israel has recently passed legislation aimed at encouraging voluntary immigration. The young scientist or engineer who elects to come will have important advantages with respect to housing, taxes, schooling for his children, and other perquisites. But it remains to be seen whether even these substantial material benefits will start a large inflow. The odds are strongly against it. The state exists. It has demonstrated its ability to protect itself. Although occasional new settlements are required to help secure the borders, the flow of population is off the land into the cities.

The Significant Losses

But the greatest obstacle to immigration is the lack of a clearly defined manpower requirement. Israel cannot point to priority work that can be done only by young people from abroad. Even a man who has long thought about throwing in his lot with the young state will hesitate when he learns that his skills are not in short but probably in long supply. Few will leave a secure homeland, well-paying jobs, and good career prospects to relocate in Israel in order to improve the demographic balance between western and oriental Jews. Unless the call is much deeper and more reso-

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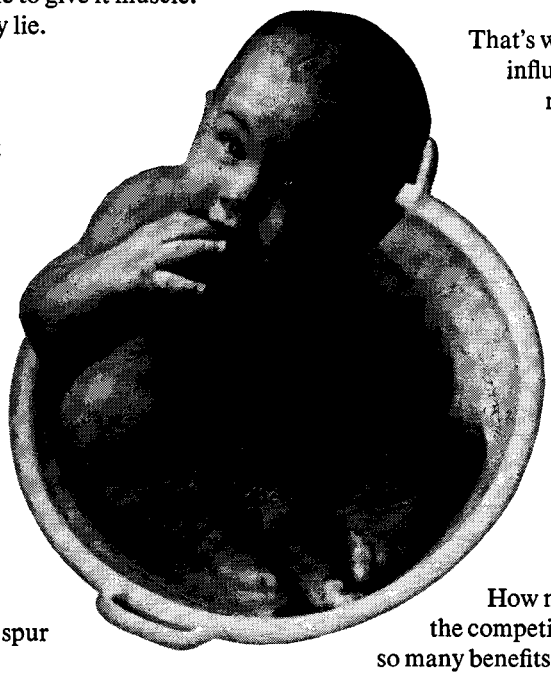
Don't throw the baby out with the bathwater.

There's a funny thing about the American economy. Ask any two economists what makes it tick and you've started a debate.

Because, the simple, ingenuous truth of the matter is this: nobody really knows or agrees on all the influences that combine to give it muscle. Or, where all its weaknesses may lie.

All you'll get agreement on is that it seems to work. It has produced the broadest and most abundant prosperity in all the histories of man . . . the highest standard of living for the greatest number of people.

The heart of this restless, surging, vital economy is and always has been: free competition. That's what has distinguished it from the managed economies of the Old World . . . economies managed either by government or by cartel.



Competition has been the sharp spur that has produced the incredible variety of products and services we have today. It has produced the endless innovations that have made life easier to live. More enjoyable. More rewarding.

It has encouraged manufacturers to build more things . . . and build them better . . . and at lower prices. They have to build more and better . . . and the prices have to be right . . . or the consumer stops buying. Because, the other side of free competition is your free choice in the marketplace.

This is the astonishing power of the American consumer. He can make or break the largest businesses with a nod or a shake of the head. He has the choice. He has the ballot of the dollar.

That's why it is disturbing to find people of influence in America today who would like to make both free competition and free choice a little less free. They may concede that the system has produced some great results but they'd like to "fix it a little." There are too many kinds of olives, they say. Let's standardize. Company "A" spends more on advertising than Company "B", and that's unfair competition, they plead. Let's regulate.

Yet, our system was built on exactly the opposite kind of thinking. Regulation doesn't stimulate competition. It tends to make all products the same.

How much can you interfere with the competitive economy, which has brought us so many benefits, without damaging it? The truth is, nobody knows. The "Little" fixes may someday add up to quite a lot.

Of course, any economy needs some regulation— but let's be sure that we don't throw out the baby with the bath water.

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nant, present efforts to encourage immigration, like earlier ones, will fail.

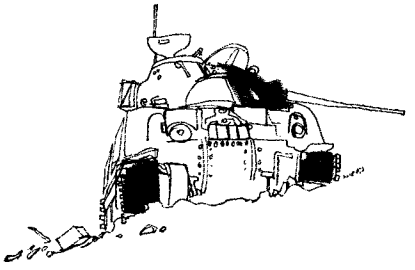
Indeed, large numbers of Israelis have prolonged their stays abroad after completing their studies because they are afraid they will not find jobs when they return; and Israeli newspapers report on the emigration of individuals and groups who have concluded that Israel cannot offer even modest occupational security. Obviously, the prospects of a successful *Aliyah* from the West are not bright.

Those interested in increasing the inflow from the West must first answer the question of how much job competition Israel is willing and able to tolerate between the newcomer and the native. While Israel has a limited number of specialist positions that cannot be filled from among its own population, it has relatively many college and university graduates. Unless the rate of economic growth returns to its previously high level, there is little prospect that Israel can absorb any large number of educated westerners without losing a corresponding number of indigenous young people.

The widespread concern with the brain drain during the past two years cannot be ignored in devising efforts to speed *Aliyah*. It may be that Israel will become heavily engaged in a multicornered flow of talent and competence. Many of its native sons will go abroad for some time—and some will never return. Many other young people will come to study and live in Israel—and some will remain. To go up to Jerusalem for the holidays, as the Bible prescribes, requires much less time today for most Jews living in the Diaspora than it took a grape grower to go by muleback from Samaria to the Temple.

WE HAVE SEEN that Israel has many manpower problems: unemployment, a shortage of managerial skills, a brain drain, an inadequate *Aliyah*. But these problems will permit a solution with time and money and luck, all of which have so far been in Israel's camp. However, one new manpower problem—the vastly enlarged Arab population—is not likely to yield even to this powerful tripod.

This in brief is the manpower legacy of the war. The Israelis found only a few thousand Druzes on the Golan Heights in Syria. The central and southern Sinai have a small number of Bedouins—who rode in Ford trucks, not on camels or dromedaries, when they came to exchange their money. Whatever the final arrangements will be, the Old City of Jerusalem has been effectively integrated with the New City: Greater Jerusalem is a fact and the sixty-six thousand Arabs living there are now being rapidly incorporated into the economy of Israel. The much smaller numbers in Bethlehem have indicated that they want to remain organically tied to the Old City, since the two economies are as one. The Christian pilgrims who visit the Holy Land are interested in the shrines of both Jerusalem and



Bethlehem. The population in the rest of the West Bank, south of Bethlehem and including Hebron, is not large enough to influence the eventual outcome or to unsettle whatever arrangements are arrived at.

This leaves three major areas: Gaza, the northern Sinai (El Arish), and the West Bank north and east of Jerusalem.

A recent census found 220,000 refugees in the Gaza Strip living next to a settled population of 135,000 or so. It is doubtful that this compact area can support more than 200,000 persons in farming and trade, and consequently 150,000 will have to be relocated.

Since Gaza was never part of the United Arab Republic, it is inconceivable that Israel will return the Strip as it did in 1956. It is to be hoped that the conscience of the world will dictate that a new effort to remove these hapless people from their cage and resettle them where they can begin to live a normal life will be made. Israel should and undoubtedly would make a significant contribution to their resettlement and rehabilitation.

El Arish, the garrison town in the northern Sinai, lived almost entirely off the diversified activities required to support the troops. Smuggling was an important secondary industry. Now that the troops are gone, the people have nothing to do. If water is found, their problems will be eased. Otherwise they too—some thirty thousand or so—must be relocated.

Gaza is difficult and El Arish is intractable, but the major manpower challenge that Israel faces arises in the heart of the West Bank—from Ramallah to Jenin, including the key city of Nablus. This is the country of the Palestinian Arabs, a people with a life and culture that have long included education, a middle class, and political consciousness.

The 600,000 Palestinian Arabs living in the West Bank, together with the 120,000 refugees who did not flee in June, face economic difficulties. They are no longer receiving remittances from sons or husbands who are working in Kuwait or other Arab countries, and tourists are rare. While the Israelis have compensated them for some of these losses, a wide gap remains between their present and their former level of income. If Nasser and Hussein were willing to negotiate seriously about peace, recognition, and normalization of relations, the Israelis would probably return the Sinai and most of the West Bank. But if not, the Israelis will have no option but to shape a new and viable economic policy for the area, including the refugees. The past months have demonstrated that the manpower required to police the area is modest. The economic burden would also be relatively modest.

THERE ARE nationalists and romantics among the Israelis who want to give nothing back, even if that means absorbing all the Arabs. But they are in a minority. Most Israelis, old and young, will not trade a small Jewish state for a larger binational one in which they would eventually be a minority. They recognize that the security and prosperity of Israel lie in unity and economic progress, not in territory.

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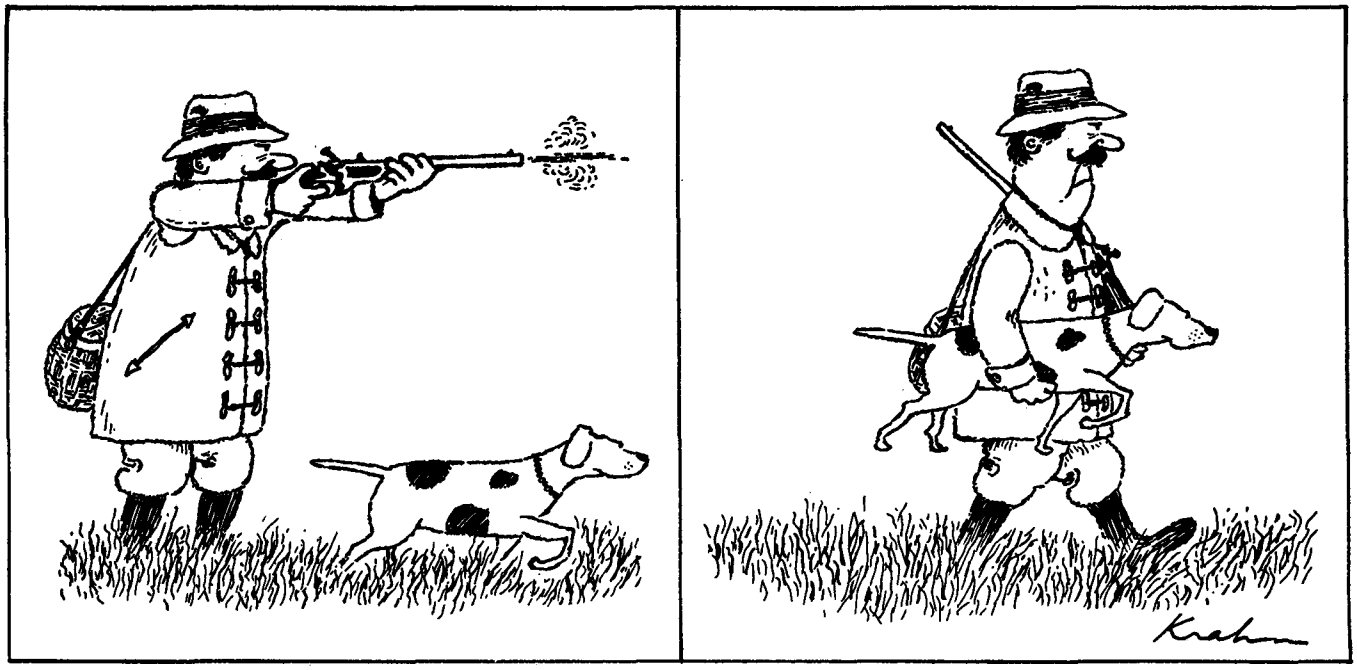

By Fernando Krahn

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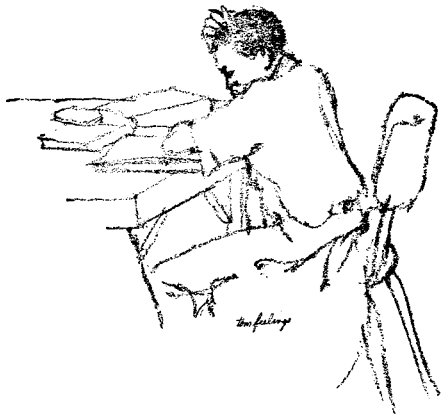

A Job Program That Works

THOMAS R. BROOKS

ERNEST ELLIOTT was more fortunate than many of his contemporaries, the hundreds of young Negro men one can see lounging around the streets of the Brooklyn slums. After graduating last year from Bushwick High School, he found a job at $1.75 an hour setting up a machine that shreds aluminum into metallic angel's hair. Still, with nothing more behind him than a general course in school with average grades, Elliott faced a grim future as an unskilled or at best semi-skilled factory worker at subsistence wages in between bouts of unemployment. He certainly was not qualified for a skilled trade—at least that had been the assumption of his school guidance counselors. Today, however, Elliott is an apprenticed sheet-metal worker, earning $2.24 an hour plus fifty cents or more in fringe benefits. He gets a five per cent wage hike every six months, and after four years of training his journeyman's wage will be at least $6.60 an hour.

Elliott is part of a recent and notable change within the building-trades unions of New York City. In March, 1964, the State Commission for Human Rights held that Sheet Metal Local 28, with 3,300 white members, had been guilty of "systematically excluding" Negroes from the trade for seventy-six years. The commission also found that eighty per cent of the apprentices were relatives of Local 28 members. That June, with a grant of $32,000, a private civil-rights group, the Workers Defense League (WDL), headed by attorney Rowland Watts, opened a store-front office in Bedford-Stuyvesant, Brooklyn's Harlem, to help minority youths become union apprentices. The grant came from the Taconic Foundation, through which Mr. and Mrs. Stephen R. Currier, the self-effacing philanthropists who died early this year in a plane crash, channeled millions of their own dollars to groups working for improved racial relations. Last January, the A. Philip Randolph Educational Fund became a partner in the project, which is now called the Joint Apprenticeship Program. Since its start, the program has placed 245 young Negroes and Puerto Ricans in New York City building-trades apprenticeship training programs, most of which were closed to minority groups in the past. Elliott is one of thirty-six placed as Local 28 apprentices. Of 135 apprentices taken on by Local 28 since 1964, only ten per cent or less have been relatives.

Conditions and Qualifications

To understand why such small gains are considered breakthroughs by job-placement experts, one must know something of the construction industry. Though Negroes are well represented nationally in the unions of the so-called trowel trades (construction laborers, cement finishers, plasterers, and bricklayers), there is virtually no way for a laborer to work into the cleaner, better-paid, highly skilled mechanical craft unions—the Electricians, Plumbers, Steamfitters, Ironworkers, Sheet Metal Workers.

Ernest Green, the young director of the Joint Apprenticeship Program, told me, "There are only two ways for black workers to get in the craft unions: through apprenticeships or union organization [of non-union journeymen"]. Craft apprenticeships are administered jointly by the unions and the employers, but the union locals control the selection of apprentices. Green did not have to add that they selected almost no Negroes or that there is very little union organizing. Green, incidentally, was the first Negro to graduate from Little Rock's Central High.

"In the places we've been," Green said, "there's lots of agitation, a lot of people's appetites are whetted by the construction picture. In their neighborhoods, the projects going up are pretty much all white. As they see it, it seems as though any kind of guy ought to be able to get on the job." As a sad-faced Negro onlooker once told me, "I just don't understand. There must be somethin' in there I could do. The place is so big."

Unhappily, it isn't as easy as it looks from the outside. "The unions can point to the fact that nobody applies," Green explained. "In some instances, they'll show you letters written to the NAACP and the Urban League asking for Negro applicants for apprenticeship openings and can prove that nobody showed up."

Young Negroes who can qualify are hard to find for a number of reasons. There are apprenticeship programs that will take young men with only an eleventh-grade education or less, but they are increasingly rare. Since ghetto youngsters frequently drop out of school, this requirement cuts out a large number who otherwise might make it. Those with high-school diplomas and good grades usually go on to college. Then there is what sociologists like to call "a lack of positive model," or more simply, no Negroes on the job to tell sons and nephews, brothers and cousins that jobs are open.

When, in 1965, a court ordered Sheet Metal Workers Local 28 to

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discard its lily-white waiting list of applicants for training and to subject all applicants to an objective aptitude test supervised by New York University, the Joint Apprenticeship Program recruited twenty young men from off the street or with the help of school counselors, employment agencies, churches, and community organizations. The men were given a quick refresher course in math and spatial relations, crammed into two short weeks. Of the 340 who competed for sixty-five openings, thirty were Negroes or Puerto Ricans. None made the top sixty-five. When some white youths dropped out, however, Scott Green, a U.S. Air Force veteran and a brother of Ernest's, was admitted. In January, he will become the first Negro journeyman in the seventy-nine-year history of the union.

The Tutoring Game

All in all, the results weren't good, and Ernest Green and his associates were considerably shaken up. An analysis of the sixty-five who made the apprenticeship class revealed that most were from white middle-class schools. More than a third had schooling beyond high school; some were going to college at night. The math level of those who passed was far above the tenth-grade qualification needed to take the examination. "We figured it doesn't matter what you do with qualifications," Green told me. "You could lower them, but all that would do is just enlarge the number taking the exam."

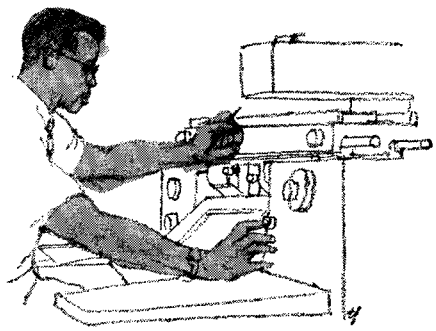
The program staff decided that an intensification of effort was needed. The tutorial now for any apprenticeship examination is approximately four weeks, usually three hours a night for four days a week plus three and a half to four hours on Saturdays. And the staff is tough about attendance. I heard one of them tell a prospective applicant: "If you screw around and don't attend tutoring class, you're giving me permission to kick you out. We have to sacrifice a little; you've got to hang in all the way with us."

Dennis Derryck, assisant director of the program, is a former high-school math teacher. He worked out the program's tutorial system by studying all the aptitude tests he could find. "We get them generating figure analogies," he explained, "and by the end of the four weeks they're generating every figure analogy in the exam."

The instruction is hardheaded and to the point. When someone asked about a certain square root at a class I observed, Derryck turned him off fast. "The exams are interested in only perfect squares. Forget the others."

One of the program's instructors figured that roughly seven hundred common words are used in any aptitude test. So he carries the class repeatedly through a series of verbal analogies—"Gallows is to hang as guillotine is to . . . ," "Apex is to top as base is to . . ."—with the group chanting the missing word. By the end of the fourth week, according to Derryck, the group will have mastered all seven hundred.

The class is tested and tested and tested. "We get them moving," Derryck told me. "It's a game, and once



they learn the rules of the game, they play beautifully. But they also know that if they don't play, they're sunk."

The young men respond. At the application interview, they invariably answer questions reluctantly, their faces flat and withdrawn; but in class they no longer seem apathetic. One young man, who works from eight in the morning to seven at night and therefore misses the first half hour, goes to Derryck's apartment every Saturday morning to put in an hour and a half of makeup time. "It's not just getting them signed up but how committed they are," Derryck said.

The tutorial worked so well in the case of the second sheet-metal examination that fourteen of the twenty-five sent by the Joint Apprenticeship Program were admitted to training. Of the fourteen, eleven placed in the top seventeen per cent of the 130 tested. The third time around, last January, nine of Derryck's students were among the top ten scorers.

TUTORING isn't all that the program does for would-be apprentices. Most unions, for example, require applicants to go through personal interviews as well as to meet age, school, and character qualifications. So, after the young men have passed their qualifying examination, Donald F. Bates, a member of the public-relations staff at Western Electric, rounds up some white volunteers, who put the applicants through a series of mock interviews to make sure they can take it.

This method is followed not only for the personal interviews but also for the inevitable hazing an apprentice gets on the job, a hazing that may be all the tougher because a young man's skin is black. "We've had a few guys drop out because they couldn't take it," Green told me. "Most cases, it's our fault because we didn't prepare the guy enough." Several ironworker apprentices quit, for example, because they could not take hustling coffee and buckets of iron bolts up sixty-foot ladders. "A guy's got to be pretty strong and rugged to take that kind of life," Green said, "and we just didn't realize how strong and rugged. Now we know better than to send some skinny kid."

When I asked Scott Green, the first Negro sheet-metal worker apprentice, about discrimination on the job, he told me, "There hasn't been anything out of the ordinary; everything's all right." Michael Stewart, the first Negro ironworker apprentice in Local 361, said, "They've all treated me fair from the beginning, and all I want to prove is that I can do the work."

Others, however, have run into problems. A plumber apprentice told me, "The guys on the job say, 'You're all right, but it's the guys coming next.' "

Dahbeh Moses, a tall, studious twenty-four-year-old who started in a roofing shop on June 19, found himself "quite miserable." His boss sent him out to Staten Island, where he had to travel an hour and a half each way each day. "They had me knocking down roof flashings; when

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I got done they'd tell me they weren't flat enough." As Moses now sees it, "It's a dying part of the [sheet-metal] trade, nothing but old-timers, who've got this thing about not teaching anybody anything about their jobs."

Moses decided to go see the union about a change before he got into real trouble. The union transferred him to a kitchen-equipment shop, after he had been out of work for a week and a half. Moses and his wife had a new baby, so the delay was a hardship. The transfer, however, worked out. As Moses explained, "Kitchen-equipment work is more precise than duct work," and as a journeyman he will be able to work both lines of the sheet-metal trade. He lost five pounds during the first week, "running after coffee and the hammer." At first, he said, "I had to appear busy even though I was the only apprentice in the shop. But things began to look better. They've taught me how to bend, asked me to 'lay it out.' At lunchtime, a guy will say, 'Sit down here,' and we talk."

The normal dropout rate among apprentices is very high, ranging from thirty per cent to eighty per cent. "We've lost fourteen out of the 245 people we've placed," Green said. "That's a dropout rate of about six per cent. Most of them left to go on to college. I'd say that's pretty good when you consider these are the working poor. Most of the guys we get are stock boys and mail clerks who've kept a clean nose while growing up." Green is confident that they will continue to do well. "These are the kinds of guys who are going to become foremen, estimators, draftsmen, even shop owners."

The Costs of Inaction

The reaction of the craft unions and the employers to the WDL-Randolph Fund program and other efforts to end discrimination has been changing. At first, the unions believed that they could take off some of the heat created by charges of discrimination by simply saying, "We'll take anyone that's qualified." But Federal standards for compliance with the equal-opportunities provisions of the 1964 Civil Rights Act have been tightened up by the more forceful administration of a Presidential order requiring contractors to take "affirmative action" to ensure that employment is nondiscriminatory. I have been told by enforcement officers in the Department of Labor's Office of Federal Contract Compliance that "The contractor can no longer say, 'This is what the union sent me' or 'I can't find them.' "

The Federal agency has been reluctant to use its ultimate weapon, contract cancellation. "If we cancel," the argument goes, "we run the risk of shutting down a project that may be more essential to the community than a handful of jobs." In Cleveland and San Francisco, however, compliance officials have held up the awarding of contracts because contractors have failed to submit satisfactory plans for integrating their work forces. In northeastern Ohio, $83 million in hospital, school, and urban-renewal construction was held up from May to mid-October pending satisfactory compliance with nondiscriminatory contract clauses.

"Our guys work continuously," Green said of New York's Joint Apprenticeship Program, "because they're the contractor's access card for contracts, his ticket for keeping the fat ones. It never fails, our guys go with the largest contractors. Frankly, they need us to get Federally financed contracts." The contractors like another aspect of the program, too—its upgrading of the quality of new apprentices, white and black. "Believe me," Green said, "the contractors are eating this up. They're getting guys who for the most part are good workers, bright kids, who have proved it in a competitive situation."

The reaction of the craft unions has not been as warm as that of the contractors. Green and his associates often have had trouble learning of apprenticeship openings, and the Federal and state authorities have had to exert pressure to make application forms available.

Still, more and more union officials are supporting the Joint Apprenticeship Program. They know that government-financed contracts mean more jobs and realize that such expenditures won't be forthcoming readily unless something is done about job discrimination. Peter J. Brennan, head of the New York Building and Construction Trades Council, put it this way: "The league [the Joint Apprenticeship Program] is not trying to push in kids that aren't interested or aren't qualified." The recruits obtained through the program, he added, have proved to be "good apprentices."

BAYARD RUSTIN, director of the A. Philip Randolph Institute and a noted civil-rights leader, calls the Joint Apprenticeship Program "perhaps the most tremendous breakthrough in the drive to get minority youths into apprenticeship training." It shows, he said, that "If they can get help and proper tutoring, Negroes and Puerto Ricans can compete with the majority of society." The sad thing is that the program reaches so few. Perhaps it cannot be otherwise. There are, after all, only a thousand apprenticeship openings in New York City in any given year, while the need for jobs runs to the tens of thousands. Still, the program is a success at a time when other job-training efforts appear to be failures.

And it is expanding. Last January, the program secured an On the Job Training grant of $500,000 from the Department of Labor, enabling it to open offices in Harlem, Westchester County (New York), Buffalo, Cleveland, and Newark. Since last spring, the program has secured eighteen places out of seventy-one openings for minority youths in the previously closed Buffalo Steamfitters, Iron Workers, Sheet Metal, and Plumbers locals. In New York City, it has placed sixty-four minority youths as apprentice plumbers, steamfitters, elevator constructors, painters, glaziers, and carpenters. In Westchester County, it has placed fourteen apprentices. Recruiting is under way for sheet-metal apprentices in Newark, and applicants are being tutored for pipefitter and plumber apprenticeships in Cleveland.

Success, of course, earns its own tributes. The one Ernest Green likes best is the call he got from a mother whose husband was a craft-union member. "I think she was white," he told me. "Anyway, she wanted to know the fastest way to get her boy into the union—through us or through her husband."

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A Century of No Progress?

GEORGE R. METCALF

In January, 1866, less than a month after the states had ratified the Thirteenth Amendment abolishing slavery, Senator John B. Henderson of Missouri introduced Senate Bill 61. This bill declared, "All citizens of the United States shall have the same right, in every State and Territory, as is enjoyed by white citizens thereof to inherit, purchase, lease, sell, hold and convey real and personal property." Anyone judged guilty of violating its provisions was subject to a fine not exceeding $1,000 or imprisonment not exceeding one year, or both.

Arguments raised for and against the bill have a most contemporary ring. Then as now, the issue of Federal powers versus states' rights was sharply contested. Senator Lyman Trumbull of Illinois, chairman of the Judiciary Committee, argued, "The bill draws to the Federal government no power whatever if the States will perform their constitutional duties." President Andrew Johnson, vetoing the bill in March, 1866, said that it would "establish, for the security of the colored race, safeguards which go infinitely beyond any that the General Government has ever provided for the white race. In fact, the distinction of race and color is, by the bill, made to operate in favor of the colored and against the white race. . . ." Nevertheless, Congress passed it over Johnson's veto and it went into effect as the Civil Rights Act of 1866.

That law, rarely applied since its passage (it was last invoked in 1903), now has been resurrected as the cornerstone of a major open-housing case up for review by the Supreme Court this term. If the court agrees to hear *Jones* v. *Mayer* and decides in favor of the plaintiff, Joseph Jones of St. Louis, the Federal government will become the guarantor of the right to open housing, a field until now largely relegated to states and communities. And a milestone in our body of civil-rights law will be marked by legislation that has been on the books for 101 years.

Taking the Fourteenth

The reason why the Federal government has left this problem to state and local jurisdiction, except in the cases of Federally owned or financed housing, lies in the post-Reconstruction interpretations of the Fourteenth Amendment, which Congress passed some two months after the 1866 Civil Rights Law. This amendment enjoins that "No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws."

On its face, this proposal represented an effort to keep the states from passing Jim Crow laws. Once Reconstruction was ended and Southern influence returned to Congress, the Fourteenth Amendment's emphasis on state responsibility easily lent itself to interpretation by the judiciary as limiting the power of the Federal government to matters involving state action. This interpretation was enunciated in the 1883 Civil Rights Cases by Supreme Court Justice Joseph P. Bradley, who declared: "It is State action of a particular character that is prohibited. Individual invasion of individual rights is not the subject matter of the amendment.... Until some State law has been passed, or some State action through its officers or agents has been taken . . . no legislation of the United States under said amendment, nor any proceeding under such legislation, can be called into activity. . . . The wrongful act of an individual, unsupported by any [state] authority, is simply a private wrong, or a crime of that individual."

This interpretation not only invalidated an act of 1875 aimed at establishing the right to equal public accommodations (the decision at stake), but it also rendered meaningless the Civil Rights Act of 1866. And to give the states even freer rein, thirteen years later in *Plessy* v. *Ferguson* the court laid down the concept of "separate but equal" facilities as fulfilling the requirement of the Fourteenth Amendment. Thereafter the Southern states passed a long list of Jim Crow laws, and discrimination in the North went largely unchallenged.

The stress of civil-rights court action in recent decades has been on reasserting the Federal responsibility abdicated after Reconstruction. With the NAACP playing a leading role, the Jim Crow laws, the separate-but-equal doctrine, and the primacy of the states have been struck down in case after case. But open housing, one of the areas most bitterly defended by the foes of civil rights, has been slow to yield to the legal arguments of Federal primacy.

The case that may make the breakthrough in this Supreme Court term had its origins in June, 1965, when a young St. Louis couple, Joseph and Barbara Jones, were attracted by an advertisement for a home that could be built for $28,195 in Paddock Woods, a suburban development outside the city limits. At the time both were employees of the

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Veterans Administration in East St. Louis. Barbara, a graduate of the University of Denver, was a professional social worker. Joseph, who had moved to St. Louis from Mississippi, had served in the U.S. Army in Germany and attended business school before going to work for the Veterans Administration. The house was within their means and was just what they wanted. But when they made an application to the Paddock Woods agent, they were told that it was not the "policy" of the Alfred H. Mayer Company, the subdivision developer, "to sell houses and lots to Negroes." And Joseph was a Negro.

The Joneses sought out Samuel H. Liberman II, a St. Louis lawyer active in civil-rights causes. For purposes of litigation, Liberman realized, the circumstances could not have been improved. There were no extraneous issues to affect the outcome. Paddock Woods was outside the jurisdiction of the city's fair-housing ordinance. The house was to have been built with conventional financing—no G.I. or Veterans Administration loans to invoke a question of Federal legal responsibility. Here was a pure test of the government's obligation to protect Negro citizens in their right to buy real property wherever they chose to live.

Liberman filed suit on the Joneses' behalf in U.S. District Court on September 2, 1965, seeking $50 actual damages and $10,000 punitive damages. He charged a violation of the Fourteenth Amendment and the 1866 Civil Rights Act. The District Court was unimpressed by Liberman's argument. It dismissed the case after stating that there was no evidence of "state action" that could trigger the Fourteenth Amendment. Lacking this, the court declared that the 1866 law did not apply, since it read the law as subject to the "state action" limitation of the Fourteenth Amendment.

By this time the National Committee Against Discrimination in Housing (NCDH) had heard of the case. When the decision was carried to the U.S. Court of Appeals, Eighth District, the NCDH received permission to file a brief as a friend of the court. The committee's attorneys, Sol Rabkin and Joseph B. Robison, argued that the time had come for the court to recognize that the intent of the 1866 Act, as of the Thirteenth Amendment from which it grew, was clearly for the Federal power to guarantee individual liberties against private invasion. The judicially imposed requirement of "state action" thus was inapplicable to the Act of 1866. This requirement also was crumbling in the case of the Fourteenth Amendment, they argued, and was therefore no longer a prerequisite for invoking Federal power. And even if the need for "state action" to trigger the Fourteenth Amendment power were admitted, there was enough evidence of such action to call for a ruling in favor of the Joneses. Wasn't the defendant Mayer required to be licensed by the state as a real-estate dealer? What was that but "state action"? Didn't all property transactions have to be recorded in the Office of the Recorder of Deeds? Didn't that constitute state involvement?

The list was virtually endless, but the argument at this level was destined to fail. In affirming the decision of the District Court, the Court of Appeals stated that while it found the NCDH arguments weighty, it was without power to accept them. It declared that it was for the Supreme Court "to take the lead in expanding Constitutional precepts."

Taking this observation as a suggestion, NCDH is currently supporting a petition before the Supreme Court to seek final judgment on *Jones* v. *Mayer*. The Justice Department has become an additional backer of the petition, although the Federal government made it clear that in supporting the Joneses it seeks only to prevent the exclusion of Negroes from entire communities, like Paddock Woods, not the "single isolated refusal to sell to a Negro when comparable housing in the same area is readily available to him." If the court reversed the decisions against the Joneses, the 1866 Civil Rights Act would make open housing the law of the land.

Letter and Spirit

This reversal would usher in a new era for the courts, but whether the simple judicial act would overturn discrimination in the marketplace is quite another matter. A Federal agency to enforce compliance would be needed. And the experience of the states that already have open-housing laws demonstrates that the laws are no better than the willingness of public officials to enforce them.

In New York, where the open-housing law is among the most comprehensive in the country, a long string of complaints has grown over the ineffectiveness of the enforcement agency, the State Commission for Human Rights. The commission's official attitude has been to emphasize conciliation rather than compliance in order to forestall a popular outcry against governmental "tyranny." It has ignored administrative tools supplied by the state legislature. In 1965, for example, the legislature gave the commission authority to initiate investigations of cases of suspected discrimination. Previously, it had had to rely on individual complaints; landlords, real-estate agents, financial institutions, and builders could discriminate to their hearts' content if no one raised a voice in protest. But for two years, the proffered authority to investigate went unused; presumably, members of the commission were afraid of political retaliation.

Only recently has the commission shown signs that it will begin using the law. "We can no longer sit back and wait for individual complaints to be filed before we take action," its new chairman, Robert J. Mangum, said last month. The New York *Times* hailed his statement as "a major change in the attitude and operations of the agency toward combating racial discrimination." It remains to be seen what actions will follow the words.

At the latest count, twenty-two of the states have adopted open-housing statutes of varying degrees of coverage and effectiveness. Yet for the most part, Negro citizens in those states are still unable to buy or rent where they please. Because of reluctance to enforce the law, the gatekeepers of the white community—the banker, the broker, the builder—are still able to keep up the barriers without punishment. Initially, a favorable ruling by the Supreme Court in *Jones* v. *Mayer* undoubtedly would meet with as much resistance as the state laws or its own 1954 school-desegregation ruling. But like that ruling, it would be a first, essential step.

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Russia's Economic Reformation

HOWARD RAUSCH

"ECONOMIC REFORM is the main pivot of the party's policy of economic development in the present stage," Soviet President Nikolai V. Podgorny said in a speech last March. He was reaffirming official faith in the Soviet economic policies adopted in the fall of 1965 and based on the theories of Professor Yevsei G. Liberman: that the profit motive and "freedom of economic maneuver" are compatible with a socialist society. The official hope was—and still is—that by stressing incentives and reducing centralized state control, the lagging Soviet economy would grow more efficient and more responsive to consumer demands.

Yet Soviet managers who try to exercise the new economic options open to them—and some are reluctant to try despite official encouragement—have been running into bureaucratic and political obstacles. A case in point was provided this summer by the trial, which was covered in the Soviet press and aroused wide controversy, of a Soviet collective-farm chairman named Goryachkin and two of his colleagues who faced the prospect of a long term at forced labor as punishment for applying the spirit of the economic reforms too enthusiastically. Their "crime" was earning too much money, and their trial was a revealing example of what Soviet "reformers" are up against.

Goryachkin is evidently a shrewd businessman and a good manager. When he took over the Twentieth Party Congress collective farm in the Podolsk region near Moscow, its cattle were starving, its tractors were in disrepair, seed was scarce, and the farm was 300,000 rubles in debt. Two years later, the farm was earning a profit of well over 200,000 rubles. With "Libermanism" and the further encouragement of "subsidiary enterprises," the collective, like most others in the area, set up a machine shop to keep the farmers profitably busy in the winter producing simple metal and electrical items out of industrial scrap.

The little factory prospered and soon the collective's workers were earning as much as 300 rubles a month—quadruple the national average for agricultural workers. It was revealed during the trial that their high earnings alarmed the workers themselves to the degree that they padded the collective's payroll with non-working wives or children so as to list two salaries of 150 rubles each rather than one of 300. All this affluence aroused the suspicion of the Podolsk police, who charged Goryachkin and his colleagues with "criminal conspiracy," and specifically with the misappropriation of 36,000 rubles ($40,000 at the official rate). The remark of a young militiaman overheard during their trial ten months later seemed to express a common mistrust of such success: "I am positive they are thieves, but *where* did they steal?" The court could not pin down this point either, or refute Goryachkin's statement: "I never charged a single extra kopek. We never caused a shortage at the farm, we only brought profits."

As it developed, this "capitalist mentality" was Goryachkin's real offense. The judge, a handsome woman named Vera Smirnova, asked him: "Now that your collective farm is running so well, isn't it time that you, being a Communist, stopped your private-enterprise activities?" And she asked another defendant, "What work do you do yourself?" after he had explained that he was rarely in the workshop because his time was taken up with selling, delivering, and planning production. "Any fool can make things," the man replied, "but not every clever man can invent." "You don't think like a Soviet man," the judge told him sternly.

At another point in the trial the judge told the same defendant: "I get 110 rubles [a month] and when I was sick they paid me 10 rubles less. . . . Do you think your work is more important than mine?"

"I don't know your work, Tovarich Judge," he replied, "but I don't suppose you could manage mine either."

The case was finally dismissed on a technicality, with the judicial recommendation that the collective's council punish its industrious managers. It did not. Moreover, the *Izvestia* correspondent covering the trial implicitly criticized the court's lack of understanding of the meaning of initiative and the economic reforms. And in September Goryachkin won the tacit approval of the Council of Ministers, headed by Premier Kosygin, which authorized collective farms to carry on sideline enterprises and ordered officials of the republics to assist them.

IN INDUSTRY, too, the Soviet economic reforms are encountering ideological obstacles. The second in command at one of the country's biggest textile plants, a "reformed"

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enterprise, is expert neither in textiles nor engineering nor in business administration. "You might say I'm a specialist in party matters," he said when pressed about his work at the plant.

A war hero whose education was interrupted by the Nazi invasion, this bright fellow decided in the late 1940's that the best route to success for an untrained but ambitious young man lay through the party. As party boss at the plant, he frequently overrules plant management in purely business matters.

Local initiative and incentive? "I'm for them one hundred per cent," he declared, "as long as they remain a means of achieving our social goals and they don't become goals in themselves." The party organization at his plant leads the campaign for economic reform, he said, but added: "It is also our duty to restrain ardent businessmen. In the search for high profit they must not be allowed to trample the interests of the state."

This textile-industry official is not unique. Like hundreds of trade officials, he is accustomed to the problems of scarcity but has not yet learned how to deal with relative abundance, or with the modestly expanded responsibility now possible under the reforms.

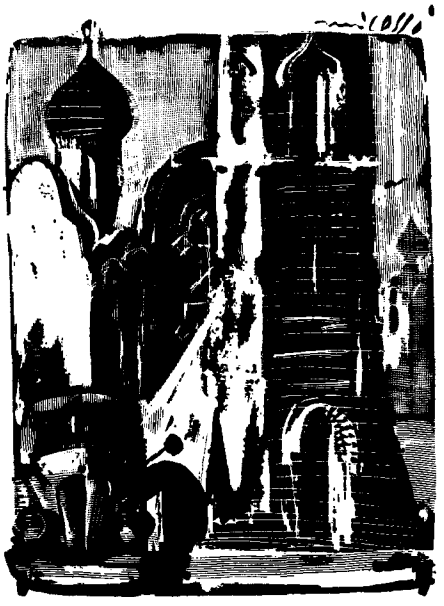
Plant managers are often equally anxious to shun responsibility. A West European businessman was close to tears in my apartment shortly after his seventh meeting with as many different agencies in Moscow. "Everybody is waiting for someone else to make the decisions," he said. "Nobody wants *his* name on the agreement."

Another roadblock to reform is administrative interference. Administrative directives to enterprises are still common, though plan targets assigned to each plant have been cut to eight from about thirty. During the gradual transfer to the new system of broader managerial initiative, most managers were still bound by earlier production plans; some even remained saddled with contracts arranged by now-defunct economic councils. Even now many reactionary financial agencies demand reports from enterprises on indexes which have been abolished under the reform. Locally initiated production plans are still subject to bureaucratic veto. In May, 1966, the Odessa Sugar Refinery, for example, was informed by a financial agency that its plan for capital modernization, submitted four months earlier, was not approved and that the Ministry for Food Industry had substituted another plan. Another "reformed" plant, the Rostselmash tractor factory in Rostov, was ordered to produce needed equipment that it would have preferred to order from other enterprises: molten and cast steel, processed wood, and many semi-finished products.

The Fruits of Reform

These examples do not, of course, prove that economic reform has not made improvements in the Soviet Union. They do, however, show some of the difficulties involved in trying to bring modest change into an economic system steeped in tradition and shielded from the rest of the world for half a century. The difficulties are particularly severe when the changes seem, at least to some ideologues, to violate sacred dogma such as Marx's labor theory of value. These heresies include the newly instituted rent charges for land and machinery, bonus systems for both workers and managers tied to profits rather than production, and new proposals for differential interest charges.

Regardless of such problems, and discounting the fact that only the most efficient enterprises were transferred to the new system first to ensure good initial results, the reforms seem to have achieved some success. Production at reformed plants in the first half of 1967 rose twelve per cent compared with 10.6 per cent in all industry; profits increased twenty-two per cent compared with sixteen per cent for the over-all rise; and labor productivity rose eight per cent compared with seven per cent for industry nationally.



To Russians who have been conditioned for fifty years to distrust any economic decision made outside the Kremlin walls, the reforms seem radical. They give local administrators a bit of control over workers' bonuses, for example, and they expand the importance of an element that bears the emotionally charged label "profit," even though it differs considerably from the capitalistic concept of the same name.

To Nikolai K. Baibakov, chairman of Gosplan, the powerful State Planning Committee, the goals of reform are "To enhance enterprises' and farms' economic independence and initiative, to strengthen cost accounting, and to step up economic incentives for production using such instruments as price, profit, bonuses, and credits."

Like most Communist officials, Baibakov is sensitive to charges that the reforms stem from a crisis in the Soviet economy. "It is well known," he has said, "that the U.S.S.R. has no intention of replacing social ownership of the means of production by private ownership. The profit received in our enterprises is used not in the interests of private owners but fully, to the last kopek, for satisfying the social and personal requirements of the working people. Such profit has nothing in common with capitalist profit, and hence with capitalism."

A lower-ranking Soviet official made this clear one evening while explaining how and why every western correspondent in Moscow *must* be slandering the Soviet Union. "You don't tell outright lies," said this Russian (who knows hardly a word of any foreign language). "You distort merely by selecting those facts which seem to prove what you came here to prove."

"And what do you think we are so anxious to prove?" a western correspondent asked.

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"That we are moving *away* from Communism rather than toward it," the official replied quickly.

Although foreign non-Communist publications are barred, the Soviet press takes great pains to refute western statements about the "convergence" of the two economic systems. The most feasible explanation seems to be that *Pravda* and other publications are addressing their rebuttals not to the Russian people, who are generally unaware of the charge, but to reactionary elements in the Soviet leadership who may tend to agree with western claims that capitalism is creeping into the Soviet economy.

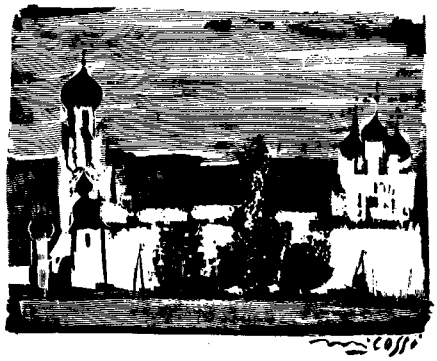
It is indeed difficult to prove any pronounced shift toward a market economy. Even when the reforms become fully implemented, late next year at the earliest, the government will retain full control over prices, wages, rationing of basic materials, and many production targets.

When a Soviet planner asked me rhetorically, "Who says that capitalism has a monopoly on efficiency?" I remembered a harsh critic of the Soviet system telling me a year earlier: "Even the crudest command economy doesn't need to be so hopelessly inefficient."

Visions and Revisions

The most serious flaw in the reforms as presently constituted is the continuation of rigid, centrally fixed prices. The government sets some eight million prices, including seven hundred for cherry preserves alone. To most western economists and to a growing minority of Russians, it is meaningless to talk about efficiency, cost accounting, and profit as long as prices remain immune to fluctuations in cost and demand.

On July 1 the government put into effect the first broad revision of wholesale prices in twelve years. Although retail prices will not be affected, according to a Kremlin pledge, it is clear that the new wholesale prices are to stay in effect for many years. Already some liberal Soviet economists are suggesting scrapping much of the plan altogether in favor of "market socialism," where many commodity prices would be subject only to the law of supply and demand. Professor Liberman, the spiritual father of the present reforms, has proposed a compromise three-tiered pricing system. It would retain uniform, centrally established prices on such important producer goods as fuel, power, metals, chemicals, and building materials. A second set of prices, covering most consumer durables,



would be negotiated between manufacturers and the central supply agencies. A third set, combining features of the other two, would continue centralized pricing on standard goods with diverse qualitative requirements—such as electric motors and sheet metals—but would also permit limited contractual adjustments between producers and sellers. In all cases, retail prices would remain rigidly controlled.

New incentives, if continued long enough, may work subtle changes in the Soviet way of life. One of the first may be in motion pictures; the State Committee on Cinema has already approved plans to convert the film industry to "reform" that would effect a drastic change in ground rules. At present, producers are paid a flat five per cent of a film's cost and are therefore more interested in spending money than in saving it. The new system would base film makers' rewards on "sales," in this case box-office receipts, and on profits. Many of the relatively small local film studios that are maintained for prestige and political reasons are operating at a loss; figures show that a recent Tadjik film was seen by only one per cent of the local population and a Moldavian film by only 1.2 per cent of the population in its home region.

Communist Party censorship being what it is, the new economic reform of these film studios is unlikely to result in an outpouring of sex and bloodshed on the screen, but it may reduce the number of politically safe but boring films about tractors and happy lathe operators.

If these changes encourage film makers to pay a bit more attention to the viewers' desires and less to the commissars', the trend can easily spread to consumer products. The government, after decades of sneering at advertising and market research as instruments of capitalist exploitation, is moving cautiously into both fields. One reason may be consumer resistance. At the end of 1966, government warehouses were loaded with $1.67 billion worth of unsold goods while private savings soared. This concern for savings was ominous in a welfare state where education and medical care are free and retirement pensions are guaranteed.

Whatever the reasons, the government has stepped up its advertising of consumer products and outlets. It has also created a marketing institute whose task is to find out what the public wants. Up to now, an official of the institute conceded, "We simply used to issue goods to the people, based on fairly constant production ratios." But this system no longer works. "Demand is changing," he reports, "not only quantitatively but qualitatively."

If this trend continues, profitable competition could lead to such innovations as attractive and sanitary packaging; home delivery of milk; a selection of goods of acceptable quality at reasonable prices; and elimination of the Byzantine retailing system, which requires a customer to spend more than half of his shopping time standing in three different lines for every purchase. No longer impressed with revolutionary themes or with Second World War exhortations and bored with steel-production statistics, the Soviet consumer is beginning to see hope for material gains in his everyday life. He notes faint signs that he may some day be able to enter any store in Moscow without being made to feel, as one disgruntled shopper said, "like an uninvited guest."

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A Moorish Matter

NOEL MOSTERT

AT LEAST the weather helped by being clear. Had it been wet and squalling and damp, as it so often is along the North African coast in winter, the whole business of firing Ahmed would have been that much more hellish. Indeed, I wonder whether he would have been fired at all, and consequently in what state of disunity and despondency my apartment would have been by now. The fact that the weather closed in soon after he finally took his bag and passed up the hill and out of our sight is something else—this not being a land where you deal in the abstract.

We did what had to be done, and to take matters beyond that is madness.

"He'll manage," says Fatima comfortably as we sit around a bowl of steaming kefta stew watching the rain sluice down outside. "After all, he's merely in the position he would have been in if he hadn't come here." Terrifying logic, but since she has been accepted by us as moral arbiter of the situation, our reader of Moorish custom and Koranic conscience, we all feel much better. Or do we?

IT ALL STARTED when I began complaining aloud about the odd jobs around the house that cried out to be done. "Get a majordomo," said a guest of mine. "God knows, there are enough candidates around." This is an uncomfortable truth that is always with us here; one can never escape a bitter sense of waste as one views the army of young drifters who sit in the cafés month after month, year after year, staring into their empty glasses and empty future. Hiring one of these youngsters would not be an extravagance; the only question was whether a small apartment and my own peace of mind could stand the intrusion of a third person.

I already had the aforementioned Fatima, who is wonderful. Life in North Africa always starts with a Fatima, who becomes cook, cleaner, adviser, darner of socks, guardian of one's all. You have no option in the matter—Tangier is a large, modern, beautiful city, but try finding a laundry. Fatima-oriented societies don't provide them, however modern their façade, so there you are. But Fatima had enough to do without going off to market daily, didn't care to soil her orthodox hands by serving liquor to my guests, and was in no mind to paint the apartment, a task that clearly was imminent.

It was that job that really brought Ahmed into the picture. I'd met him through a guest of mine, whom Ahmed had pressured into accepting him as guide. My guest was tremendously impressed by the fact that Ahmed spoke a little English and urged him as the one for the job, maintaining that on technical matters like fixing and painting a little English was a good thing. It would also be handy for guests like himself who arrived weak in French and Arabic.

My guest had in any event become emotional about poverty and lack of opportunity, as visitors are inclined to do, and Ahmed of course was his case in point. They had clearly been talking a great deal about the state of the country, which admittedly is not good but is improving steadily. While those are never matters to pass over lightly, in this society one does learn to distinguish between tones of grievance. This is very necessary if one is to separate real and desperate need from cunning and opportunism. One sees here in this beautiful land that the poor are not obliged to lose their sense of humor or their sense of grace. The immense attractiveness of the Moors of this part of the Maghreb comes from their assumption of these very virtues in the face of frequently appalling circumstances. It is this distinction and glowing character of theirs that draws one to them and keeps one here. Ahmed lacked it, and I should have known. But then, hindsight is easily gleaned from later recrimination.

The fact was that he was Johnny-on-the-spot, and so he started; and the only benefit of the doubt I could allow myself later was that I was emphatic about the job being temporary. He was only there to paint the apartment. I would decide later if I really needed someone on a more permanent basis.

But the Moors are far more capable than we are in these matters. They understand so well the masochistic castigations of the western Puritan conscience, and they know that if they are clever, they can play profitably upon them; there is a point at which our surrender is complete and it is always toward this that they work, managing to do so with a finesse and skill that comes naturally to a people who have made the marketplace and its guile a central facet of their lives for centuries.

RIGHT AWAY, I discovered that he wanted to live in. This was not surprising, since the first long rains already had swept over the city, leaving the beach with a thin crust of damp sand and bringing drafts to the cafés. It is never a pleasant moment when one looks around and realizes that the long, long months of impeccable sunshine are over and that we are about to pay for them with occasional rain and cold. We shiver as we walk on

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the marble tiled floors, so comforting to the bare feet in summer; we add more hot spices to our stews, and we are inclined to take our coffee inside the café rather than out on the sidewalks; bundled in sweaters, we watch holiday-makers from Northern Europe plunge into the sea and think them lunatics. The porous walls of the houses in the Medina absorb all the moisture in the air, and the narrow alleyways are filled with constant, racking coughs. Ramadan was due within a few weeks, with its harsh abstinence from sunrise to sunset, and then the Moors would have to fast as well as shiver.

I could see all this, but I wasn't having any part of it. Ahmed, I understood, had a perfectly good room that he shared with a friend in a district adjoining the Casbah, which, being on higher ground than the Medina, was warmer and no damper than this part of town. But now it appeared that the friend had absconded with all Ahmed's clothes and possessions, hitting out for the devil knew where and thus untraceable. It was an old and familiar story, and I considered myself a fool for even listening to it.

ASIDE from the responsibility of having a stranger in the house, moreover one who claimed to have no family and no fixed address, I like my evenings quiet, watching the ships passing through the Straits of Gibraltar below and drinking a whisky before going in to make supper. I enjoy my reflections at that hour and it has all become rather holy. My concept of a majordomo, or whatever one would call him, was that he should do all the things which Fatima couldn't handle during the day and which, if left to me, infringed upon my time. I wanted him on hand when there were guests. I certainly did not visualize him as a constant presence. No, I told Ahmed, he must go back and find another room, for which, as I pointed out, I'd already made him handsome allowance.

He accepted my refusal, but with something in his manner that made me uneasy, as though somehow I'd already lost my point and that it was all a question of time. And how right he was.

Fatima hadn't liked the idea of Ahmed from the start, and she liked it even less when he insisted upon intruding upon household duties. He came in hastily to clear the table after lunch on his first day in the house, grabbed too many articles in his eagerness, and dropped the butter dish—much to Fatima's satisfaction. He went off quite cheerfully at the end of the day, and I carefully avoided any inquiry the following morning about where he'd slept.

I was preparing to go to the Socco—the market—to stock up on fruits and vegetables, but he seized the basket and insisted on relieving me of my mission, despite my clamor that the painting was far more important and he should get on with

it. I wanted it done before the weather got really wet.

No, no, no. The wise men in the Socco said it was going to be a dry winter.

Perhaps, but Gibraltar Radio in their long-range forecast for the region had said wet; and what's more, they'd said rain tonight.

Phoo—a curt gesture of contempt. What did Gibraltar know about the weather here?

The basket came back from the Socco filled with fruit and vegetables of dubious quality. There was no change from the note I'd given him. I did not look at Fatima as we unpacked it all by the kitchen sink. "These tomatoes are good for stew," I said.

Her responding grunt was four-lettered in tone.

The clouds already were building up and by early afternoon they were thick. I saw no reason to doubt Gibraltar Radio. Fatima was rushing to don her jellaba and to get to the bus station and home before the weather broke. I told Ahmed to clean up his brushes and to get going as well. When the rain began to come down I realized that the house had been very quiet for some time. Ahmed was still painting, with an unnecessary attention to detail, it seemed.

"You'll have to get a taxi now. Where do you stay?"

"No room," he said.

"Well, where would you have slept tonight? Where did you sleep last night?"

He shrugged and smiled in a way that was to become infuriatingly familiar, as if to say, "Well, I've suffered in the past and doubtless I'll suffer again—that is, unless you wish to exercise a little compassion on me." I was caught. I knew it and he knew it.

"You like whisky now? Gin?"

"Whisky," I said wearily. He brought gin.

"I said whisky."

"Whisky. Gin. Kif kif. Same same."

AND THUS he stayed, occupying the guest room. In the morning it didn't seem so bad. He brought me my tea before I got up, and it was a good strong cup, made the way I like it. He must have watched Fatima carefully because she'd shown herself in no mood to yield trade secrets. He painted reasonably well, and he made tea well, and that, so help me, represented the sum of his virtues. Even now, I can't think of anything else that redeemed him; certainly not his English, which had a remarkable facility for short-circuiting whenever I had a complaint or wished to get through on a tricky point of work. He painted with what seemed an abnormal slowness, stroke by leisurely stroke. The effect was hypnotic, and we all began moving through the rooms like sleepwalkers.

Ahmed continually wore an expression of total misery, except for that smile reserved for his special occasions with me. You could never escape the heavy sense of him, even

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when he was at the other end of the house. He sat for long hours in the kitchen staring into space. When I got up to go fetch myself a drink—he never heard me call—he would look up and gaze at me with the bleak smile of someone accepting with brave resignation his being abandoned upon the steppe in the middle of the Siberian winter.

"Ahmed, I can't work with you sitting like this. It gets on my nerves."

"I make no noise. I no bother you."

"But I can *sense* it. I can feel your misery all the way down the hall. I can't stand it. For God's sake, do something. Go to the movies, buy a paper. Anything."

"Who does he think he is?" Fatima demanded. "Why does he have to have a long face like that? I was poor and still am. My brother and I were left alone when my people died. Nobody gave us shoes. None of my family wanted us. So they married me to an old man I'm stuck with and who beats me. Look at Ahmed, look at his fine clothes. He's got a bed here; why can't be make the best of what he's got and be grateful?"

Ahmed was the exception to the rule.

Things deteriorated rapidly. We lived off bruised fruit and spotted vegetables, and half the eggs that came back from the Socco were bad. Fatima no longer brought flowers; and the house, so recently open and free and happy, now crouched, it seemed, under baleful shadows.

ONE FELT at times that the whole process of disintegration was a conscious thing, that we were in the power of something beyond our comprehension. Superstition is always close to the minds of the depressed. We were vassals, held in some infernal bondage. There was something more than melancholy in the house: a blackness of spirit. Ahmed said nothing, he worked at his ridiculous pace, but we were now emotionally his to do with as he wished.

Even from the outside, when I came down the hill and gazed up at my terrace and my windows, whose openness to the sun and sea had always given me such delight, the place seemed to wear an air of malevolence. Perhaps the damp stains from the rain conspired, but when one entered there was a coldness and a mood of lifelessness that didn't come from the marble tiles. What we needed was a song, an assertion, and quite suddenly we got it.

Ahmed had reached two rooms where the walls had to be scraped. This was a messy job, and he needed help. It was Ahmed's own suggestion that he find a boy to give him a hand. He vanished to the Medina and appeared some hours later with Mustafa. As I later discovered, Mustafa had been by far the best bargain—that is, he'd been prepared to give Ahmed a big kickback on his wages, whose gross amount Ahmed himself, of course, had specified.

Mustafa was very small and thin, with the ubiquitous seasonal cough; his clothes were rags, and he himself was filthy. He was momentarily at odds with his family, which accounted for his willingness to be reasonable on the question of salary. He was fourteen against Ahmed's twenty.

Something changed immediately in the house, and it undoubtedly was the result of Mustafa's willingness to smile. He worked in the only clothes he possessed, those in which he had arrived, so I sent Fatima out to buy him a shirt and a pair of jeans. He drew an advance from Ahmed, grudgingly given, and disappeared homeward, reappearing the next day in his dirty, paint-marked clothes. Ahmed, whose instincts had sounded a warning, came and told me that Mustafa had sold his new clothes for spot cash. I at once demanded to know whether this was true.

Mustafa laid down his brushes and left the house, returning an hour later with the bundle of new clothes. His mother had taken the clothes from him and insisted that they should be kept for fiestas and holy days. It was Ahmed's first defeat, and this alone gave the house a mood of celebration.

Fatima, recognizing an ally, drew Mustafa to her. It was she who pointed out that Ahmed was drawing an unfair commission on Mustafa's earnings. I said I would handle the payments myself. Ahmed's expression was black, but it no longer made any difference.

Sustained by Fatima's stews, aware that Ahmed's word was not to be final and that he could appeal to Fatima and, through her, to me, Mustafa's basically happy nature asserted itself. He was a radiant lad. He had all the Moorish qualities we had thus far been deprived of. He quite suddenly filled the apartment with life and vitality. He was very much a child of the streets, yet such was his nature that it never occurred to me to lock anything away. He gave the impression of being too busy with life and his own vivid response to it to think about anything else.

He was one of life's volunteers, eager to please; it was not surprising that he reached for the Socco basket one morning ahead of Ahmed. As instinctive as Ahmed, he had in any event already recognized the situation for what it was. When he got back, it was like a sudden harvest after lean years—the tomatoes he brought were big and fat and red, the vegetables succulent, the eggs fresh and twice the size of Ahmed's, and there was a large cartwheel loaf of fine Moorish wholemeal bread. He also brought change.

Mustafa painted better and faster than Ahmed. He laughed and sang as he worked. Unfortunately Ahmed began trying to match Mustafa's natural effervescence. He fully realized now that he had a rival. If Mustafa returned with a spirited mimicry of the slapstick movie he'd seen the night before, Ahmed had to follow with a heavy rendition of a comedy he'd seen on some other occasion. By the time he'd finished, all lightness had fled the room and we cleared our throats and moved on about our various tasks, our sense of entertainment thoroughly stifled. Such an effort cost him much, and his features would lapse into their familiar melancholy. Even Mustafa's lightness began to be affected. He looked like somebody about to flee. The former mood was slowly returning to the house.

IT WAS TIME to act, while one had strength. Ahmed had to go. I could stand it no longer. I told him I was leaving town for a while and would not finish the job of painting the apartment. I paid him for his work and two months' wages in advance.

It didn't matter, he said; he would

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stay while I was away and finish the job. That was impossible, I said. He would sit outside and wait until I came back. The job was over, I said, as decisively as I could, and handed him his money.

No, no, no. He didn't want any money. I called Fatima and told her to give it to him. She put it in his pocket, but he took it out and threw it on the floor. They stood screaming at one another, and I felt my nerves going. Fatima ran out of the house, and we stood among the scattered notes. She returned a few minutes later with her brother and sister-in-law, who lived somewhere up the way. Fatima and the sister-in-law packed Ahmed's things while the brother advised him to be reasonable. Ahmed took the suitcase and emptied his clothes atop the banknotes. The *portero*, hearing the noise, came up and, being Italian, joined in with relish. They seemed to be yelling mostly about Mustafa, and I could stand it no longer.

"Stop it, stop it!" I yelled. "*Tranquilo, por favor. Nada más.* No more. If he doesn't want his clothes or the money, give them to Mustafa. If he won't leave, call the police."

But the row seemed to be over anyway. Ahmed picked up everything, and the women helped him pack. He turned, smiled as nicely as anyone could, and said, "Thank you for everything." Fatima cried, and so did the sister-in-law, and the *portero* wiped his eye. We moved conversationally down the hall, as if reluctantly seeing off a dear relative. The women asked whether he wanted a sandwich for the road, and the men said any time they could do anything it would be a pleasure. Then he was gone, and I stood at the window in a fresh torment of conscience.

"What time you like tea in the morning?"

It was Mustafa.

"Mustafa, the job's over. Maybe some other time."

"Now Ahmed's gone, I'll stay."

"No. Do you hear me? No."

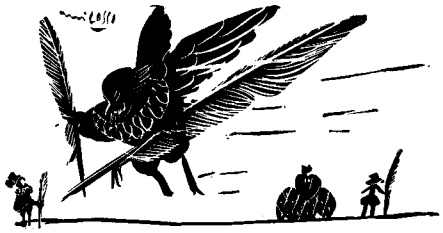
"You want whisky? Gin?"

"Nothing."

"Whisky? Gin?"

"Whisky," I said weakly. "Get me a whisky, then go home."

"It's raining," he said. I didn't bother to look. I'd given up.



To Be and Not to Be

GERALD WEALES

"THANKS, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern," says Claudius in the second act of *Hamlet*, absentmindedly dismissing the two courtiers after having given them instructions to find out what is wrong with the prince. "Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz," says Gertrude, quietly correctly the King, smoothing over his mistake. "Charming spot," says Estragon in *Waiting for Godot*, looking out over apparent desolation (the audience). "Inspiring prospects. Let's go." Vladimir answers, "We can't," and when Estragon wants to know why, he adds, "We're waiting for Godot."

Tom Stoppard borrows Shakespeare's joke about identity and Samuel Beckett's inescapable situation and transforms them into *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*, a funny, intelligent, and finally moving play about two young men, not very sure who they are, who answer a summons from some source they do not recognize to carry out a task they do not understand and to end in the darkness they do not want to think about.

Although Rosencrantz and Guildenstern step into their Shakespearean roles whenever the characters from *Hamlet* sweep on stage, throwing them clues that they are somehow compelled to answer, they resemble Beckett's tramps much more than they do Shakespeare's unctuous timeservers. When we first meet them they are on an empty stage ("between one place and another at a third place of no name, character, population or significance," as Guildenstern says), as bare as the country road where Beckett's characters do their waiting. Guildenstern, like Vladimir, is the intellectual, spinning out syllogisms, setting up tests, working desperately in the hopes that logic or illogic will let him cut a path through the uncertainty that surrounds them. Rosencrantz, like Estragon, is a bit dense, slow to follow the turn of Guildenstern's mind, flat-footed in his own ruminations, as in his long speech on death, on being shut in a box, which sends his friend screaming.

Like the tramps, they too are waiting for someone, something that will explain what is going on; and they fill their time, as the tramps do, trying to figure it out for themselves or—more often—trying to avoid thinking about it by escaping into elaborate word games, music-hall routines, complicated jokes.

Their chief activity is to analyze the scenes from *Hamlet* they have just taken part in, and it is obviously funny to an audience made up of people who once, as students, asked themselves the same groundling questions about the literal meaning of lines. Rosencrantz ends a complaint about how badly Hamlet has outpointed them (Shakespeare, like Beckett, plays word games), "and finally one direct question which might have led somewhere, and led in fact to his illuminating claim to tell a hawk from a handsaw."

IN ONE SENSE, the summons may be said to have come from the dramatist, from Shakespeare, for Stoppard's play is about drama as well as life. Minor characters in plays are seldom more than stereotypes, defined solely by their contribution

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to the play's major action. They have no biographies, no past or future, no existence outside the scenes in which they appear; like Madam Pace in Pirandello's *Six Characters in Search of an Author,* they materialize, fully formed and properly costumed, when the occasion demands. Thus Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, in *Hamlet,* are simply tools of Claudius, so unim-

portant in their own right that the other characters have as much trouble as the audience does in telling them apart. They do an inept double, work as a team in their attempt to get around Hamlet; but their motivation, which critics always talk about as though the two men were one, can only be assumed from their politely empty lines, from Claudius's assurance that they will do his bidding, and from Hamlet's contempt for them.

STOPPARD'S device is to catch Rosencrantz and Guildenstern between scenes, to show them as befuddled young men who do not know where they are from or where they are going, forced to wait until the action of *Hamlet* flows over them again, giving them momentarily something to do. Stoppard's play, then, presents the dilemma of the character who does not know his author or the story of which he is a part, but who cannot escape it, cannot act to create himself and alter the outcome.

The sentence above may define the peripheral character in any play, but it also describes man—at least, as he is depicted in much of contemporary drama. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are modern man in a Beckett universe, incapable of action, uncertain of identity, bullied by accident or by an order so incomprehensible that it might as well be accident. "Chance, then," Guildenstern says, trying to define the force that makes his path cross that of the raggedy actors. The Player agrees, but adds "Or fate," for the terms, at least from where Rosencrantz and Guildenstern stand, are the same. The Player is the third important character in the play, for he and his troupe meet the two heroes (if that is the word) in both their existences, and he helps to set up the analogy between the play and life. Not the conventional one that makes all of us see ourselves in Hamlet, whose very indecisiveness is positive compared to the paralysis of Stoppard's characters, but the one that reminds us that we are taking part in a drama in which we stumble over our own lines and try, vainly, to figure out why everyone else is babbling about wanting to live in a nutshell.

Near the end of the play, Guildenstern, desperate in his knowledge of what awaits them in England, tries to commit an *acte gratuit,* as though he were a character in a novel by Gide or Camus, but even that is impossible. He grabs the Player's knife and stabs him, but, after dying convincingly at Guildenstern's feet, the Player gets back up, recovers his trick knife, and goes on with his demonstration-lecture about death onstage. There, it is romantic, earth-shaking, grandiloquent, but only for the leading characters. Minor figures die offstage—or anyway out of the limelight. While the players mime the end of *Hamlet,* Rosencrantz and Guildenstern stand in spots, one at each side of the stage, until ("Now you see me—now you—") they simply disappear. The play ends with *Hamlet* again, the words of the English ambassador which give Stoppard his title and which remind us that Guildenstern has described death earlier in the play: "It's just a man failing to reappear, that's all." No one around to say, "Now cracks a noble heart."

IF THE BUZZ of voices around me as I left the theatre is any evidence, Paul Hecht, who acts the Player with appropriate panache, is the favorite with the audience. Although the approbation is deserved, it is also ironic. Plays, as this one keeps telling us, consist of grand gestures, great moments, high-tragedy deaths; and minor characters are forced into shadows. Even now, with a play of their own, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are upstaged by the Player, and not because the actors who play the parts are less good than Hecht. John Wood, who did such a remarkable job in *The Victorians,* the series of nineteenth-century plays done on educational television stations last summer, has the disadvantage, as Guildenstern, of having to open the play on a shrill note of near-hysteria. Although that note sounds all through his performance it is modulated as the scenes allow him to show that he is capable of considerable range even within the limitations of a very nervous Guildenstern. Brian Murray, solid where Wood is volatile, provides a Rosencrantz who is physically and emotionally a complement to Guildenstern. Although even the characters get their names mixed up, Wood and Murray make the audience understand the possibility of perceivable identity implied in the nostalgic moment in which they half remember a time when each had his own name.

My chief complaint about a generally impressive production is that the *Hamlet* sequences are played

too much in the contemporary style, the music of the lines muted by the custom of reading them for sense first, sound second. An old-fashioned, rather singsong reading would have set up a rhythm against which Rosencrantz and Guildenstern could have played when they found themselves, to their surprise, speaking lines that had been assigned to them. But this is a minor irritation. *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead* is a well-staged production of a well-written play, the happy American debut of the most interesting English playwright to come along since Harold Pinter.

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 179

by HENRY ALLEN

A
90 196 176 56 174 68 190 32 172

140 16 Courtly or impressive way (5,6).

B
60 70 112 94 88 206 220 158 44

166 46 One who plays along.

C
194 184 216 156 170 An oblique equilateral parallelogram (alt. sp.).

D
120 40 136 24 186 64 118 18 72

152 218 Where there will be bluebirds, according to the song (5,6).

E
66 124 52 164 106 30 208 6 210 76

48 54 Son of William I, perhaps (6,6).

F
202 84 122 10 198 212 26 Turned outward.

G
98 8 114 146 126 20 178 "He who resolves never to_____any mind but his own will be soon reduced, from mere barrenness, to the poorest of all imitations . . ." Reynolds, "Discourse to Students of the Royal Academy."

H
168 82 102 128 50 12 200 74 222

214 Own up to happiness (5,5).

I
86 150 108 62 80 "As soon / Seek roses in December—ice in June; / Hope constancy in wind, or corn in_____ . . ." Byron, "Don Juan."

J
58 130 2 100 U.S. Secretary of the Navy during part of World War II.

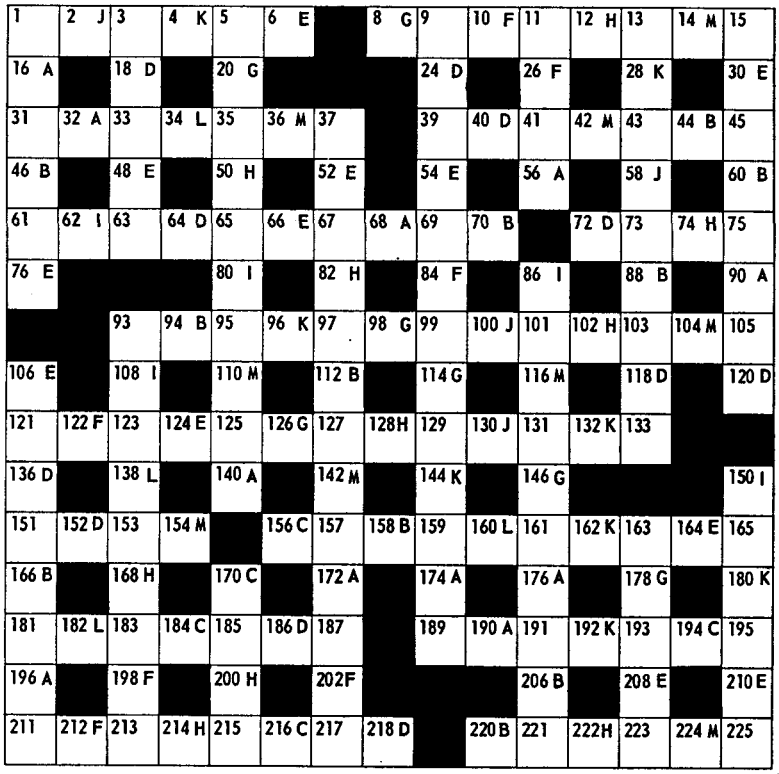
K
4 28 144 180 132 192 96 162 A territory of Newfoundland.

L
138 182 160 34 "_____ seemed either." Milton, "Paradise Lost."

M
154 110 116 42 36 142 14 104 224 Factories for turning out knitting materials (4,5).

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



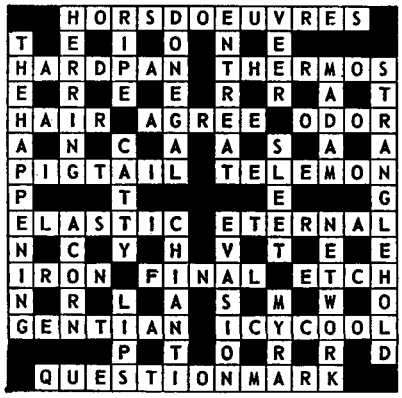
ACROSS

1. A well-liked kind of tree, they say.
8. Small amount on the basketball court (1,7).
31. Phone MU 1-1111 for the distinguishing mark of a dromedary (3,4).
39. With 61 across and 106 down, organization headed by the Acrostician (7,2,8,8).
61. See 39 across.
72. Excellent weather or mediocre?
93. Luxor rope fame may be why Aesop wrote his fables (3,3,7).
121. May 30 or redoing time? (10,3).
151. A very chancy sort of thing in a mastiff yell.
156. One color when a capital is last.
181. Either left or right appendage may reach Ma! (4,3).
189. Place of hanging three feet long?
211. Meetings where Sis noses the opposition?
220. Tass is an aid.

DOWN

1. A particle which can find no port.
3. Another particle that's not belligerent?
5. Briticism for a 3 down slice, but it's hard on the scarce (1,3,2,4).
9. What the inept con man may do (7,6).
11. Ithunn sounds as though she's finished.
13. Give sufficient financial support or retreat enough? (4,5).
15. The end glare may be made greater.
37. Factory or theatrical workers? (10,3)
86. Can these gamblers never be flat? (4,6).
93. When one looks at truth, it may affect S.A.C. (4,5).
106. See 39 across.
150. Is he trim? It's Old Man Mose!
163. It's A-OK. . . 3.14 will feature this creature.
170. Isle of Ali Baba lineage.

Solution to Puzzle 178



Acrostician: ANTHONY QUINN

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BOOKS

The Meditations Of William Styron

WILLIAM LEE MILLER

THE CONFESSIONS OF NAT TURNER, by William Styron. *Random House. $6.95.*

You realize when you read this book how little you know about slavery in the United States—how it worked, how it felt to varieties of black and white, what it meant to the other parts of the social machinery, even the most elementary facts about it. An American not so long ago could go through high school and college and maybe even graduate school and still know a great deal more about the building of the railroads, the exploration of the Louisiana Purchase, the War of 1812, and the history of baseball than he did about slavery. Somewhere in a rudimentary history course he would learn in passing the date of the coming of the first slaves; he would learn about Dred Scott, about free states and slave states, about bleeding Kansas and John Brown. He would hear mention of the Underground Railroad and "the Cotton Kingdom" and the abolitionists (in my college generation, twenty years ago, these last still with a faint coloration of disapproval). Some characters and phrases out of road-show versions of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* would have lodged in his mind. But the ordinary educated American's information about slavery has really been very sketchy, especially as measured against its massive importance in American history.

More important still, he has not appropriated its meaning emotionally. He certainly does not include in his dedicated Americanism a full awareness that this land of the free featured for what is still almost half of its national life the institution of human slavery—the largest modern manifestation of slavery, and one of history's worst. I think our relation to the Emancipation Proclamation is like our relation to the Declaration of Independence, only more so: we overestimate the completeness and purity of the declaratory accomplishment. These ideal declarations are the true America, expunging absolutely what is past, defining absolutely what is to come. Slavery was ended, and that was that. The Negro's role in American mythology was mostly just to be there to be freed in a gesture by the Great Emancipator.

STYRON'S BOOK is a significant contribution to the effort to overcome that rather selective view of our past. As Melville said, "To write a mighty book you must choose a mighty theme." A gifted white novelist from the South has taken one of the historical events that popular American memory has more or less suppressed—the slave revolt led by Nat Turner in southeastern Virginia in 1831—and has powerfully re-created around the few known facts about that revolt the conditions, psychology, and human meaning of slavery. It is an important work, even though one quarrels with it. It is worth quarreling with.

The chief criticism—rather a basic one—is this: one can't believe in the main character. And that means that though there are many powerful individual scenes, there isn't the cumulative impact and catharsis, the emotional involvement in the climactic events, that one would expect. Styron got himself into doing two or maybe three things simultaneously, and they work against each other: a novel, an essay on slavery, perhaps also an interpretation of modern race relations. He says in a curious note at the outset that he intended less a historical novel than a "meditation on history," and yet this meditating is done in a novel told in the first person by Nat Turner. One's objection to this is not at all that a white novelist shouldn't try to get inside a Negro's consciousness, but rather that when a sophisticated modern man writes from the point of view of a necessarily very much more limited nineteenth-century one, he shouldn't take his modern sophistication along with him.

Again and again one marks observations, phrases, and points of view that one can't believe to be appropriate to a young slave in 1831, however natively intelligent. A couple of times—for just one example among a great many—he speaks of someone disdainfully as "countrified" and "backwater." But was Nat Turner a cosmopolitan who could judge what was a backwater, what was of the country, what of the city? Occasionally he will use a phrase like to be "shut of" something (i.e., rid of it), the way Huck Finn does; but then at other times he writes very complex sentences. More unbelievable than the style, though, is the outlook: many-sided, reflective, sardonic. One would suppose that Nat Turner was more like John Brown than like William Styron. The "Nat Turner" of the book is often ironic, detached, subtle, complex; an inexperienced, fanatical, and formerly uneducated early nineteenth-century slave preacher surely does not take on *that* cast of mind.

Also, the confessions are too often directly didactic (although at the same time the dialogue is superb); they are a little repetitious, and in the middle faintly boring; and occasionally—as in a black-power speech Nat gives to the slaves in the little Virginia town—one suspects them of partaking too much of modernity. Sometimes one feels that one is simply being instructed in points about slavery, points that were made more succinctly in Huck Finn's conversations with Jim on the raft or in Huck's answer when asked whether anyone was hurt in the steamboat explosion: "No'm. Killed a Nigger."

Nat Turner was a preacher; that has to mean he was a literal Bible-believing Baptist. Styron does fill his "confessions" with Biblical quotations, visions, signs, religious references and moments, and ends on that note. But Nat is meanwhile made to be capable of discriminating critical

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IN PAPERBACK FROM ILLINOIS

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comment—sarcasm, even—about at least three kinds of white man's religion. These include the soft Southern ladies'-school piety of the young white woman toward whom Nat has a love-hate relationship—a main thread in the book that seems tinged with the romance of the standard historical novel, as the rest of the book is not. Nat's religion, mentioned often and supposedly central to his deciding to murder and revolt, nevertheless seems grafted onto a character to whom it doesn't really belong.

Styron's first novel, *Lie Down in Darkness,* was a stunning book in part because of the depth and variety of human understanding in it. One kept being impressed that an author, particularly one as young as he then was, could have so mature and various an insight in so many different kinds and ages of persons. I wish he had chosen to tell Nat Turner's story, as he did that other one, from the point of view of an omniscient observer. Then he could have entered not only Nat's mind (a more believable Nat) but also that of others among the rich variety of Negro and white characters in the book. Then he could have made more out of them; and he would not have had to endow Nat with such an elaborate, advanced, modern intelligence. He would not have had to have *him* tell us regularly that "the Negro" feels this, and "the Negro" feels that.

NEVERTHELESS this has to be an important book. It should restore the Nat Turner revolt to the American memory. It should become one of the most widely read books on slavery. And one cannot help but do as reader what Styron could not help but do as writer: to connect the past with the present, to think not only of slavery 1831 but of race relations 1967 (or do we still use the phrase "race relations" in 1967?).

I do not mean that one should make a great deal out of particular parallel points between then and now—such as, for example, that the revolt occurred not when and where conditions were worst but in relatively enlightened Virginia at a time when emancipation was a serious possibility. Perhaps the reviewers and commentators and interviewers have been rushing too quickly to try to extract such detailed applications

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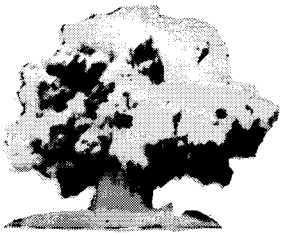

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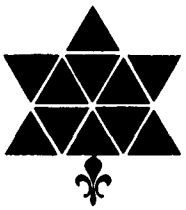

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and particular morals. I don't think it is a service to this book to jump straight from Nat Turner to Rap Brown. Rather I think the value of the book rests in something more general, more serious, more indirect, and more lasting. Despite its flaws, this is not just a book for the time of black power and urban riots but a book for all seasons. The reader's massive exposure in this novel-essay-meditation to the human and moral complexity of slavery can only deepen, enrich, complicate, and improve his understanding of present-day racial realities.

These realities are at once simple and complex—as is the slavery presented in Styron's book. You have to hold to the simplicity and complication at the same time. There is a deep and very obvious collective evil—simple in its essential cruelty —around which life continues in all its complicatedness. Though Styron's book is faulty as a novel, nevertheless it has extraliterary value in part just because it is a novel. By embodying the institution richly in incidents and characters, it can make the reader see and feel at once the moral simplicity and moral complexity.

Slavery, a moral outrage, existed in the midst of ordinary middling good-bad human beings, black and white, together with some extraordinary ones. An individual white man's goodness or black man's extraordinariness did not really matter so very much alongside the terrible, stunting, corrupting power of the institution. But then life after all did go on.

THESE "confessions" take you inside the life of that institution, into the privies and kitchens and jails and carpenter shops, and into encounters with whites. How proud little Nat is when, being shown off to visitors, he shouts out the correct spelling of "columbine" for an impressed gathering of white folks! Styron tells or shows that the house Negro could come to despise the field Negro (Nat does himself, for a time); that a Negro could feel a stab of Negro-hatred ("Suddenly they seem to be as meaningless and as stupid as a barnful of mules, and I hate them one and all"); that slaves could regularly maltreat their inferiors, dumb animals; that "black drivers" could be among the worst of persecutors; that few slaves would join Turner; that many would join in the attack upon him and his pathetic little army. He shows that comparatively beneficent owners could incidentally—as it were—commit some of the cruelest acts; and that white men reared outside the tradition of slavery could be some of the worst taskmasters ("What hordes of corrupt and ruthless overseers hailed from Connecticut and New Jersey!").

He demonstrates that the Negro's situation as a chattel could sometimes protect him from the worst physical mistreatment just because of his market value, but also could force his sale, in a time of economic distress, by the kindest of owners for the same reason. He includes essays on the Negro's use of his "niggerness" as a tool; he has Nat using darky talk and then commenting sardonically on his doing so. He indicates that a "frolicsome and happy-go-lucky air" among certain Negroes could be "a kind of a necessary disguise for almost unendurable affliction." He re-creates—of course—the dreadful, confusing tension of the sexual barrier between black and white, and the terrible knowledge of private life a slave boy acquires even though he doesn't want to. He describes the overseer's more-or-less rape of the boy's mother (it speaks volumes that it was just one incident among many, and no trauma, for a boy in that world). He says that the "vast black grapevine which spread through the South" could send back tales that would make the "lovely liquid syllables" of the word "Alabama" send a sickening chill through every Negro in Virginia. He shows that the position of an unskilled, unlettered "free" Negro in the South, feared and rejected for differing reasons by both white and black, could be worse than that of a slave. He makes you feel the immense importance of literacy and illiteracy—of words, books, an education: he shows Nat spelling out the names on the jars in the kitchen, hoarding a book, astonishing and annoying his illiterate white owner by reading a sign.

HE SHOWS that a white man who rejects in horror what Nat has done in the revolt can still, with some corner of his being, recognize Nat's humanity because of it ("At last he reaches through the bars and grasps my hand; as he does so I know by some strange and tentative feeling in his hasty grip that this is the first black hand he has ever shaken, no doubt the last"). He shows repeatedly that the white man's pity and semi-kindness, even more than his overt cruelty, could arouse the Negro's slumbering anger. He indicates the necessarily "irrational" pattern in the hatred among the Negroes, crushed and impotent. The hatred was not necessarily directed toward the cruelest masters nor was it aroused by the worst deeds. It did not often take the form of the other (shall we say) "reasonable" extreme—Nat's own—of hatred toward white men in toto and as such. Nat had to select and to nurture the members of his revolt very carefully. It was not universal, or discoverable necessarily in the slaves who were treated the worst. It was sporadic, confused, held by a people who hadn't even been allowed the resources to clarify their enormous grievance to themselves.

Styron shows the exquisite frustrations—political, sexual, human—that pitch Nat Turner, by way of fierce passages from the Old Testament, over into revolt and murder. Young Nat was favored, a pet, a

Snow

These stars do not bother
to be constellations.
Cassiopeia has tired
of her rigid chair,
Cygnus of wings
which cannot beat.
Skirts and feathers swirl
through the bare twigs
and around my head.
Who could have dreamed
the universe so unruly?
Best to remember
it's all in the point of view.
These galaxies,
if you should touch them,
would disappear,
though on your fingers
and in your hair
would glisten
the most crystalline
bells of water.

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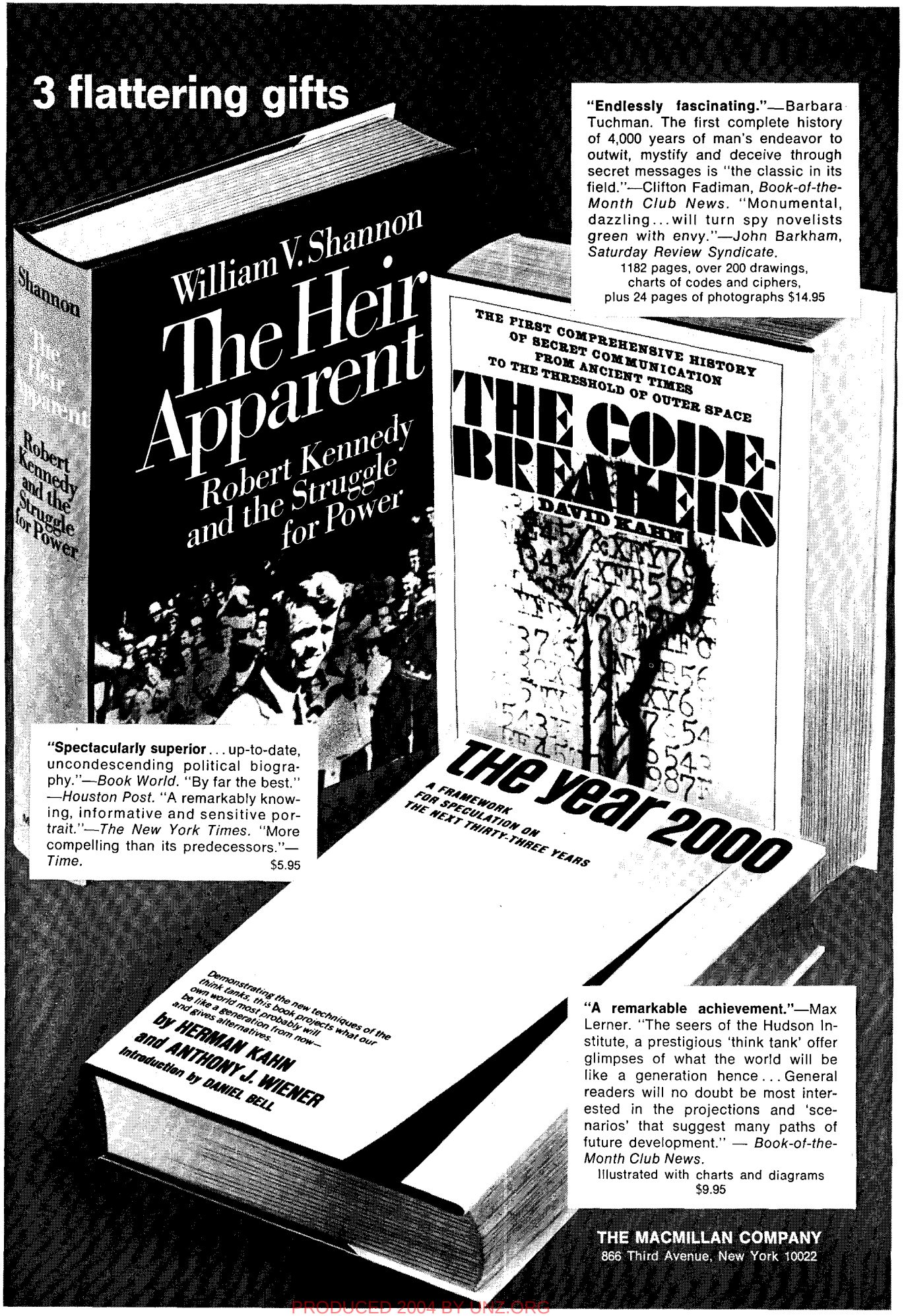
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house Negro given an education, treated well, promised freedom—and then he had it snatched away. These greater opportunities made his frustrations greater and made his revolt possible—but may then have contributed to its failure. The enlarged consciousness that made him the planner and leader of the revolt may have made him incapable of murder, except in the one desperate case of the girl. And killing her may have made him then allow in recompense the escape of another girl, whose warning to the whites led to his defeat.

Styron thus fills out to full canvas the picture of slavery as both a grossly evil and yet a real institution made up of human beings, not stereotypes. It was full of ironies and qualifications to the central theme, and even under slavery men didn't fit their labels. The reader closing the book may say: as with slavery, so with race. Tangled feelings of guilt, moral outrage, sensitivity, self-righteousness, and defensiveness make out of "race relations" an emotional minefield. It is hard to maintain within it both clarity of judgment on the one side and an unstereotyped and self-critical human understanding on the other. This big and serious book about our real American past can help a reader to do so in the present.

Entr'acte

EDWARD LUEDERS

THE PYRAMID, by William Golding. *Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.50.*

Eventually it is to the credit of William Golding's new novel that while we are reading it we are off balance most of the way. The book doesn't seem to fit our preconceptions of what Golding is about in his writing. Throughout the earlier novels that appeared with nice regularity from *Lord of the Flies* in 1954 through *The Spire* ten years later, his obsessive subject has been the Fall and the workings of ineradicable evil in man. But if *The Pyramid* is another neat, pessimistic parable of the Fall, it registers very quickly as a more easygoing, relaxed, and disarming one than its predecessors. It keeps us off balance because it doesn't fit our notion of *how* we are to read a William Golding novel. Instead of allegory, *The Pyramid* gives us allegretto. The technique is one of sophisticated personal reminiscence. The prevailing tone is comic.

The novel consists of three episodes from the early life of Oliver, son of the apothecary in a small English river town called Stilbourne, who narrates these recollections of his youth from the vantage point of maturity and success in the outside world.

In the first episode, which takes place during the decade before the Second World War, Oliver at eighteen moves from a state of adolescent desolation over the engagement of his idealized love, Imogen, to feverish pursuit of the local sexpot, Evie Babbacombe, the daughter of the Dickensian town crier. With a crude sort of finesse, Oliver succeeds in having his way with Evie, but his triumph is brief and shallow and awkward. Under the circumstances, that is all that can be expected. Evie, as a member of the plebeian class in the Stilbourne social order, is much more interested in being used by the cavalier son of the town physician, Bobby Ewan. With unconscious irony, she suffers the grubby attentions of "Young Olly," the middle-class son of the pharmacist, as a kind of dutiful indulgence. Eventually, Evie is revealed in a genuinely pathetic light; but through most of this episode, Golding's comic broth has a savor drawn equally from the adventures of Tom Jones, Julien Sorel, and Andy Hardy.

The second sequence is rather less bittersweet and more farcical. Oliver, returning home from his first term at Oxford, where he has embraced chemistry and relegated music, his earlier preoccupation, to the role of "private vice," is given a minor role in the Stilbourne Operatic Society production of *King of*

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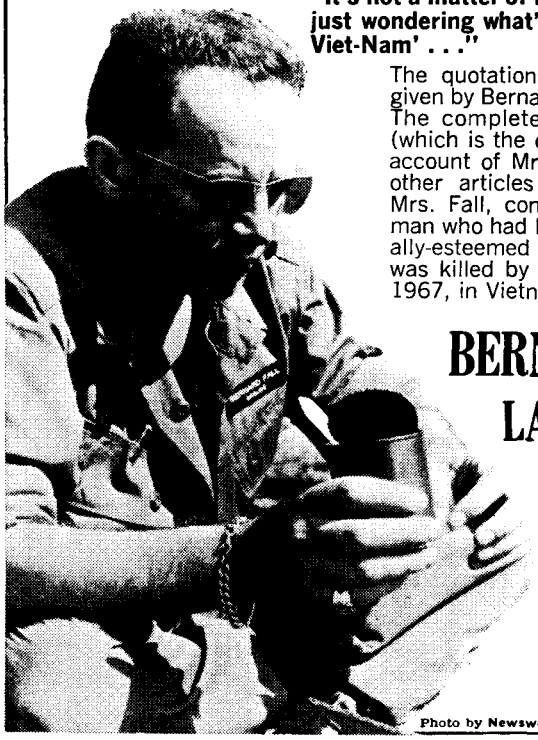

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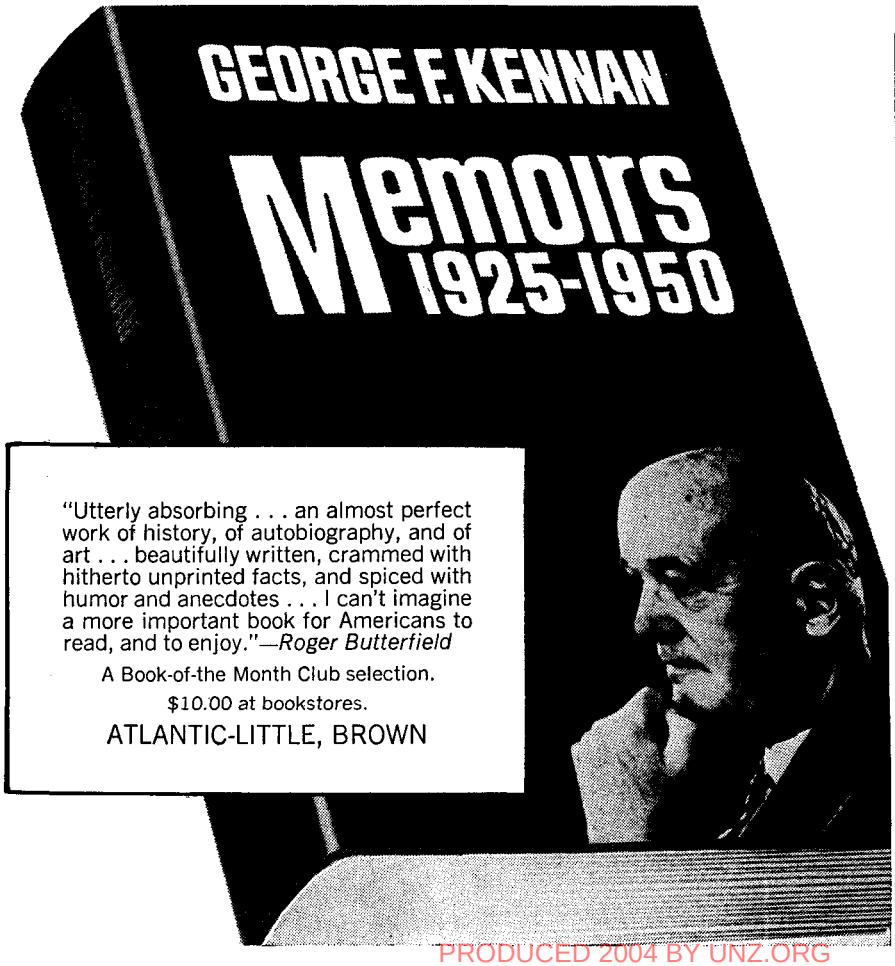

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ATLANTIC-LITTLE, BROWN

Hearts. As an indication of the disastrous results the local talent achieves in the name of operatic art, Golding is pleased to refer to the Society as the SOS. Singing the leads are the lovely Imogen, now married, and her boorish husband, owner and editor of the Stilbourne *Advertiser,* who, in Oliver's opinion, "sounds like a gnat." Directing the proceedings is an imported professional, Mr. Evelyn De Tracy. In the course of the production, Mr. De Tracy (as Oliver unfailingly refers to him, despite frequent encouragement to "Call me Evelyn, dear boy"), liberates Oliver from his infatuation with Imogen by revealing her as "a stupid, insensitive, vain woman," but he fails to dent Oliver's naïveté with what is clearly an invitation to share in his homosexual affections. Subsequently, De Tracy gets drunk to near insensibility, and is hustled out of town on the last bus to Barchester by the dutiful Oliver at about the same moment the final curtain is ringing down at the Town Hall.

THIS centerpiece, the briefest and lightest of the three episodes in *The Pyramid,* is done up in an arch and discreet style reminiscent of the high comedy of George Meredith or the sophisticated sheen of early Aldous Huxley. With it, Golding is able to hold together the extremes of slapstick and subtle irony while maintaining his own cool distance from the proceedings.

In the final episode, the middle-aged Oliver revisits his home town and touches off recollections of the pathetic relations between some of the adult characters who haunted his youth. Chief among these is his spinster music teacher, Miss Dawlish (an offstage character in the first episode, where the cheeky young people refer to her by the nickname "Bounce"), and the town's most successful businessman, Henry Williams. Level-headed Henry had come to Stilbourne as a mechanic and garageman under the sponsorship of Miss Dawlish, who had not anticipated that he would bring with him a troublesome wife and baby, and had flourished—largely by the use of her property and capital. Miss Dawlish is now three years dead. Oliver, motivated by a reluc-

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tant sympathy and certain pressures he is just coming to understand, visits her grave, an elaborate affair seen to by the businesslike but not ungrateful Henry.

At the bottom is an inscription that had been a kind of hallmark for the severe, unfulfilled Miss Dawlish, passed down from her eccentric father: "Heaven is Music." Oliver undergoes a disturbing revelation of his own complicity in the human inadequacies of Stilbourne as he faces the truth of his own feelings for the old music teacher: "I was afraid of you, and so I hated you. It was as simple as that. When I heard you were dead I was glad." Oliver says good-bye to Henry Williams, climbs back into his car "of superior description," heads out of town and onto the highway, and is last seen concentrating resolutely on his driving.

AND THERE we are. We have been playing with William Golding's deck of cards after all. The big difference is that the joker is wild. Selfishness and ineptitude have dominated and won out in all the personal, social, business, and artistic activities throughout the three episodes. The playful ambiguity in the name of Stilbourne can carry more weight than the comedy-of-manners demeanor of the book suggests. The inability to give or to receive love which has been the basis for comic gavottes is to be seen as a blight across the soul of the town. People have touched one another only meanly and superficially. We are returned in the end to the vain world of Ecclesiastes—have been there all along. "That which is crooked cannot be made straight." "I said in mine heart, Go to now, I will prove thee with mirth, therefore enjoy pleasure: and, behold, this also is vanity." *The Pyramid* is a solid Golding structure after all and has given us back our balance.

But what if we had never *been* off balance as we read? Suppose *The Pyramid* had come to hand as a novel by some Jeremy Hambone or Wendover Smartshanks or John Q. Jones instead of as a new book by an established and unquestionably serious author. Would we consider such a novel solemnly enough to give it the kind of reading its author re-

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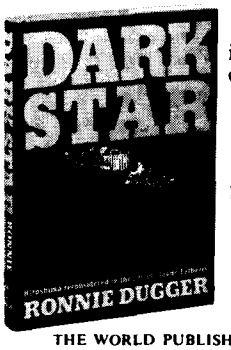

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False Advertising Law and Policy under FTC Administration

George J. Alexander

Under the terms of the Federal Trade Commission Act, the FTC is responsible for enforcing both federal antitrust policy and "deception in advertising" restrictions.

Since one of the purposes of antitrust action is to increase competition, it might be expected that FTC decisions on false advertising would work to this end. In this first, and highly significant, examination of FTC false-advertising regulations, the author explores the possibility that the Commission may in truth be decreasing competition by some of its actions relating to deception in advertising.

He cites cases in such specific categories as product naming, description of product assets, price information, trademarks, testimonials, and sales promotion, analyzing the Commission's decisions from the viewpoint of their effect on the competitive environment. He suggests that false-advertising policy might be restructured to meet both the demand for honesty and the demand for competition.

Appendixes include the Commission's Guides Against Deception in many areas of advertising.

The author, associate dean of the College of Law at Syracuse University, has provided a study of the utmost importance for antitrust specialists, corporation lawyers, advertising firms, businessmen, and consumers. It is, in the words of a distinguished reader, a book "with the potential of making an important impact upon government regulation of false advertising."

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quires of us? I doubt it. So much of its substance depends upon our disposition to take it all seriously in the face of its diverting manner.

So much, to put it directly, depends on the book's having been written by William Golding and on its being read as a part of the Golding canon. There is neither fault nor blame in this. It is simply a condition upon the literary production of our contemporaries. We read familiar authors cumulatively. We regard a book, for better or for worse, in the context of its author's previous work—and his reputation. We are interested in the author's literary personality and career, and in following the drift of his art. This gives dimension to a book like *The Pyramid* and calls for widespread serious consideration, whether it deserves it as a single piece of writing or not. It does not necessarily discredit the book, then, to suggest that without piping it into the same echo chamber with *Lord of the Flies, The Inheritors, Pincher Martin, Free Fall,* and *The Spire,* Golding's current novel would probably enjoy at best some passing notice as a stylish entertainment with a few darkening thematic undertones to distinguish it from a wealth of contenders in the welterweight class. Outside its author's set, long life would not be likely.

As it is, however, the book clearly adds a dimension to Golding's career, if only as a divertissement between the acts of his otherwise rather heavy opera. Golding said once in a BBC Third Program discussion, "It seems to me that there's really very little point in writing a novel unless you do something that you either suspected you couldn't do, or which you are pretty certain nobody else has tried before. I don't think there's any point in writing two books that are like each other. . . ." This is a creed he continues to follow. In the divertimento of *The Pyramid,* we can recognize the themes even when they are scored for harpsichord, hautboy, and harmonica. We have heard them before in the more fully orchestrated works of this maestro. No doubt we shall hear them again in the new forms and combinations of compositions yet to come.

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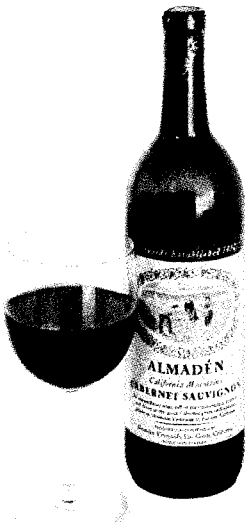

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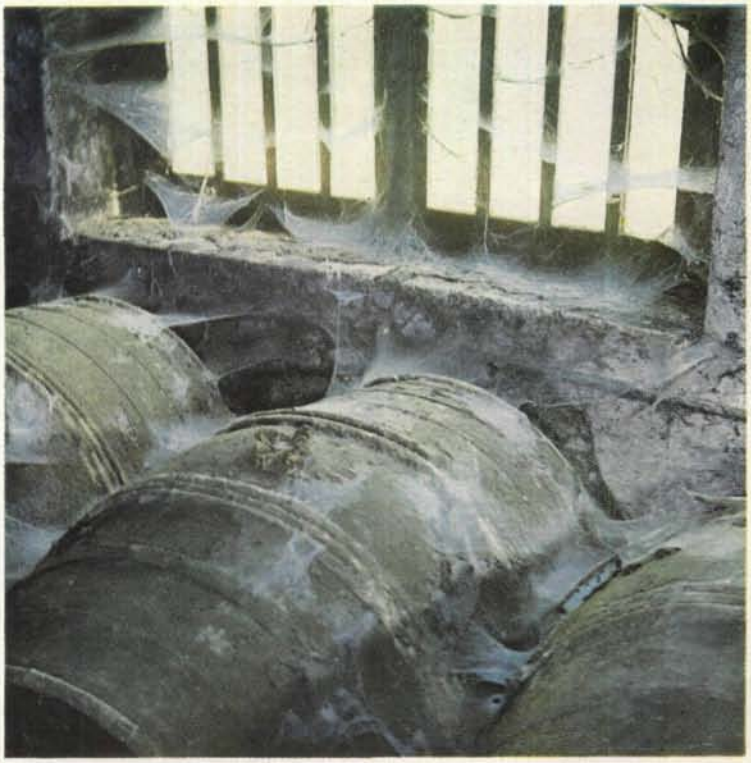
Why some people are prepared to pay more for Remy Martin V.S.O.P.

Remy Martin costs almost ten dollars a bottle. Many other Cognacs can be had for less.

Then why are some people willing—to spend so much more for our brandy?

The answer is, *because it's worth it.* And thereby hangs a tale.

Now, as every connoisseur knows, the finest brandy comes from France. But only brandy which derives from a small, sun-drenched and rain-nourished region in the west of France—with the town of Cognac as its capital—can be known as Cognac. That is the law—and has been for years, despite cabinet crises and colonial conflicts.



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Remy Martin makes *only* Cognac: scarce in supply, costly to produce.

French law doesn't stop there, however. It decrees that only grapes grown from the two innermost sections of the Cognac region—Grande Champagne and Petite Champagne—can be used to make "Fine Champagne" Cognac. Remy Martin makes *only* "Fine Champagne" Cognac: rarer still, more costly still.

The fermented wine from these Champagne grapes is in itself light, delicate, and full of promise. None but our tasters get to savor it. As soon as mature, it is double-distilled by the oldest method known to man. The stills today, resembling medieval alchemists' retorts, are the type used by Remy Martin since 1724. No expedient "improvements" can better this painstaking process which retains all the subtle flavor and aroma of the original Champagne wine.

The aging of Remy Martin Cognac calls for the same meticulous attention. Special casks, hand-hewn from Limousin oak by Remy Martin coopers, are mellowed in the open air for three years before using. The Cognac "breathes through the wood", engendering its ardent spirit, and developing its light, clear, amber color.

How long does it age? That is for our tasters to decide. Any number of years, depending on the "evolution" of its flavor. But there comes a precise moment when the Cognac reaches peak perfection. The color, the bouquet, and above all the taste determine it. You yourself will recognize this moment of perfection when you sip it and inhale its delicate bouquet.

When Remy Martin is ready for export, the symbol of the Centaur travels with it—a mark of perfection known throughout the world. Look, too, for the proud initials: V.S.O.P.—Very Superior Old Pale. All Remy Martin Cognac is V.S.O.P., and no Cognac of lesser quality is permitted to bear the Remy Martin label.

Expensive? Beyond a doubt. Worth it? You alone can decide. We only plead that we could bring you Remy Martin Cognac in no cheaper or more expeditious way. If a few can afford to enjoy it, and appreciate it, we shall feel rewarded—as will they.

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